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INDIAN MELODIES.

BY THOMAS COMMUCK.

HARMONIZED BY THOMAS HASTINGS ESQ.

NEW-YORK

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INDIAN MELODIES.

BY THOMAS COMMUCK,
A NARRAGANSETT INDIAN.

HARMONIZED BY THOMAS HASTINGS, ESQ.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY G. LANE & C. B. TIPPETT,
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.
JAMES COLLORD, PRINTER.
1845.

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PREFACE.

The author of the following original tunes wished to get some person better educated than himself to write a preface or introduction to his little work; but on reflection it occurred to him that he could tell the public all about it as well as any one else; so he concluded to make the attempt. He is, however, fully aware of the difficulties attendant upon an attempt to appear successfully as an author before a scrutinizing and discerning public, especially when unaided by the influence of wealth, or a long list of influential friends; and whatever may be the fate of this production, he feels that he must stem the current of public opinion alone. Add to this the circumstance of having been born, not only in obscurity, but being descended from that unfortunate and proscribed people, the Indians, with whose name a considerable portion of the enlightened American people are unwilling to associate even the shadow of anything like talent, virtue, or genius, and as being wholly incapable of any improvement, either moral, mental, or physical, and the wonder will cease to be a

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wonder. In view of all these disadvantages, it is not without great diffidence that he attempts to appear at the bar of public opinion, not knowing but JUDGE PREJUDICE may preside, and condemn his work to the deep and silent shades of everlasting oblivion, without even a hearing. Should this be its fate with the generality of the public, still he thinks he has a claim upon a certain portion of the Christian public, he means his brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church: for if there be any meaning in that clause of our excellent Discipline which recommends the "employing of members in preference to others; helping each other in business, &c.," the author feels that he has a claim upon them, and he humbly trusts, judging from Christian feelings, that that claim will not be wholly disregarded. The work now offered to the public, small as it is, has occupied the attention of the author for the space of seven years; and it may not be amiss to state, that it was not until the year 1836 that he first commenced trying to learn, scientifically, the art of singing; in the acquirement of which, from that time to the present, he has had to encounter and overcome the difficulties attending the same alone, and unaided by any instruction, except what he could obtain by simply reading the rules contained in the few musical works to which he has had access. From these works he has been enabled, under the blessing of God, to obtain that amount of theoretical knowledge in music which has prompted him to offer this little volume to the public.

The author had inserted in his original manuscript a number of airs which have been long in use among the Brothertown Indians, which it was thought inexpedient to publish, as it might interfere with the rights of the authors of those tunes. Had it occurred sooner to the author of these original melodies, he would have solicited from several well-known authors permission to copy into this work a few tunes from each of their

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published works, as they contain some which would grace any volume of music in which they might be inserted: and should this work be favorably received by the public, so that the author should feel encouraged to add a supplement in future, he will take the earliest opportunity to solicit permission to insert a few of those tunes in such supplement.

The author has not inserted any rudiments of the art of music in this work, principally for the reason that he could do no more than copy from some other author: and it is his desire and intention, if he should hereafter publish anything of the kind, to offer it in some respects on a new plan, adapted to the capacities of children. He will therefore do no more at present than state some of the reasons which induced him to offer this little volume to the public. The first is, that no "*son of the forest*," to his knowledge, has ever undertaken a task of the kind. Secondly, he is feeble in health, and has a family of seven in number to provide for. Thirdly, the cause of missions, and other religious and charitable institutions, lie very near his heart, and he is frequently solicited to aid in donations for these purposes; but having to contend with poverty, hitherto he has been able to do but very little for these institutions, but would willingly and cheerfully do more were he in possession of the means. And here he begs to be excused for stepping a little aside from the path generally traveled by authors, and telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He has never known authors to acknowledge their desire of making money by their publications: they generally wind up by declaring, that if such and such an object has been "secured," they feel amply repaid for all their toils. Not so with the author of the Indian Melodies: he feels willing to acknowledge openly and frankly the truth, and he assures his friends and the public, that notwithstanding all other ends which may result from the

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publication of this work, his object is to make a *little money*, whereby he may be enabled, by wise and prudent management, to provide for the comfortable subsistence of his household, and be enabled, from time to time, to cast in his mite to aid in relieving the wants and distresses of the poor and needy, and to spread the knowledge of the Redeemer and his kingdom throughout the world.

THE AUTHOR.

Manchester, Wisconsin Ter., March 7, 1845.

N. B. In this work the air, or leading part, is found in every instance the first above the bass.

NAMES OF TUNES IN THIS WORK.

As the tunes in this book are the work of an Indian, it has been thought proper by the author to have it all of a piece. The tunes therefore will be found to assume the names of noted Indian chiefs, Indian females, Indian names of places, &c. This has been done merely as a tribute of respect to the memory of some tribes that are now nearly if not quite extinct; also as a mark of courtesy to some tribes with whom the author is acquainted.

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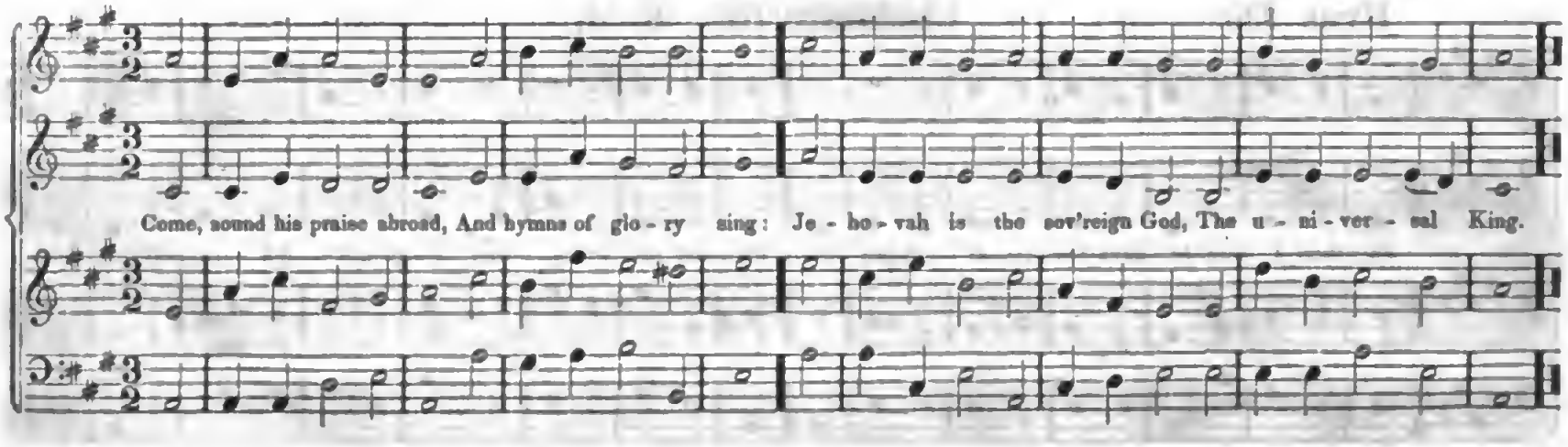
INDIAN MELODIES.

PEQUOT. S. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.



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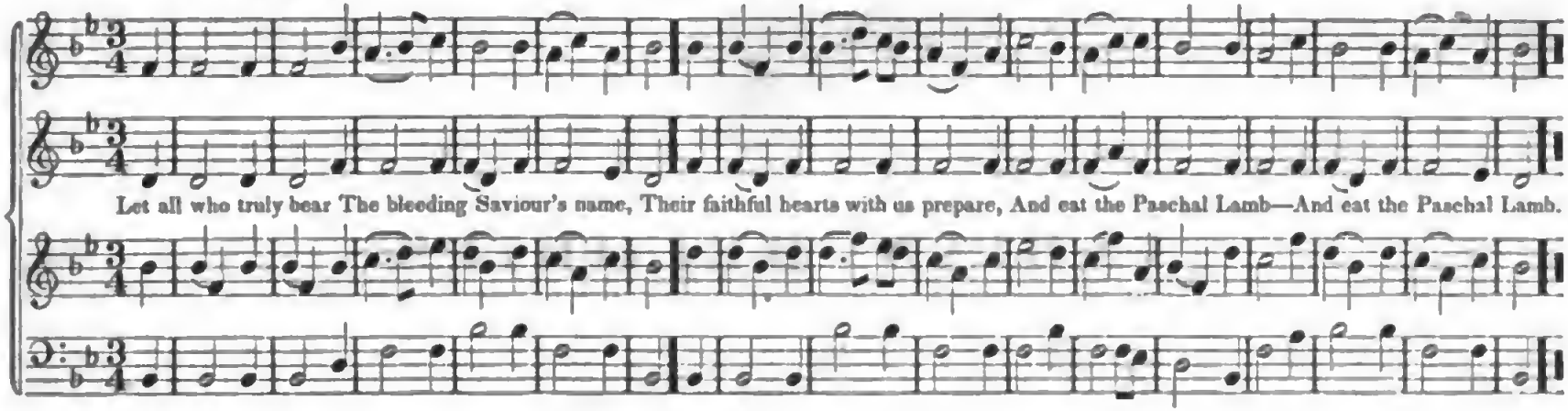
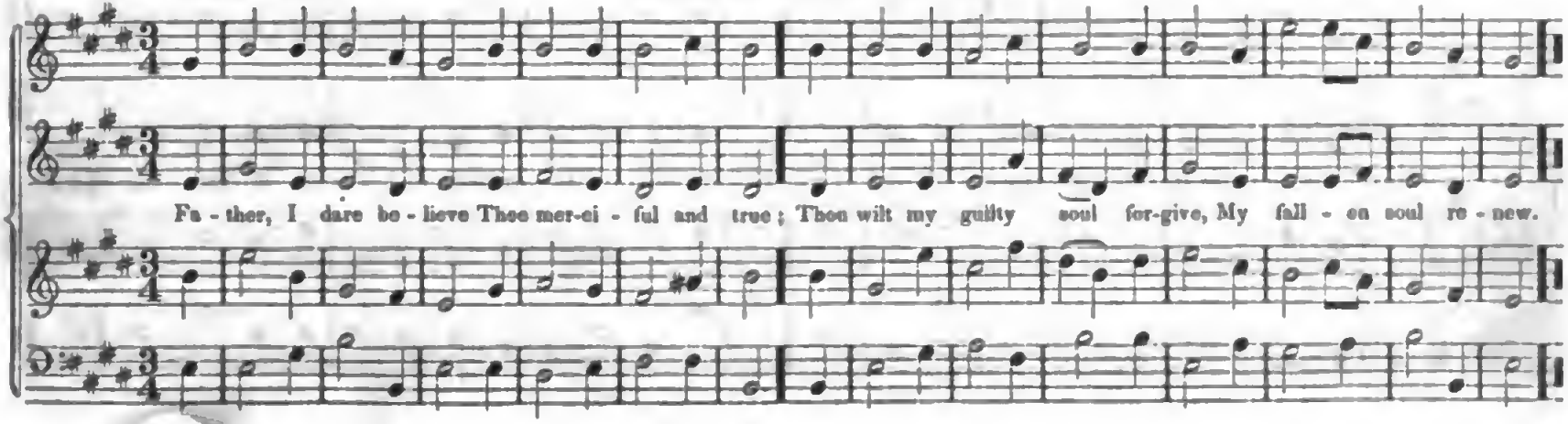
Hymn 220. SHENANDOAH. S. M.



Hymn 330. CUMMANCHE. S. M.



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Hymn 551. QUAPAW. S. M.

And am I born to die! To lay this bo - dy down! And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world unknown!

Hymn 452. HURON. S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

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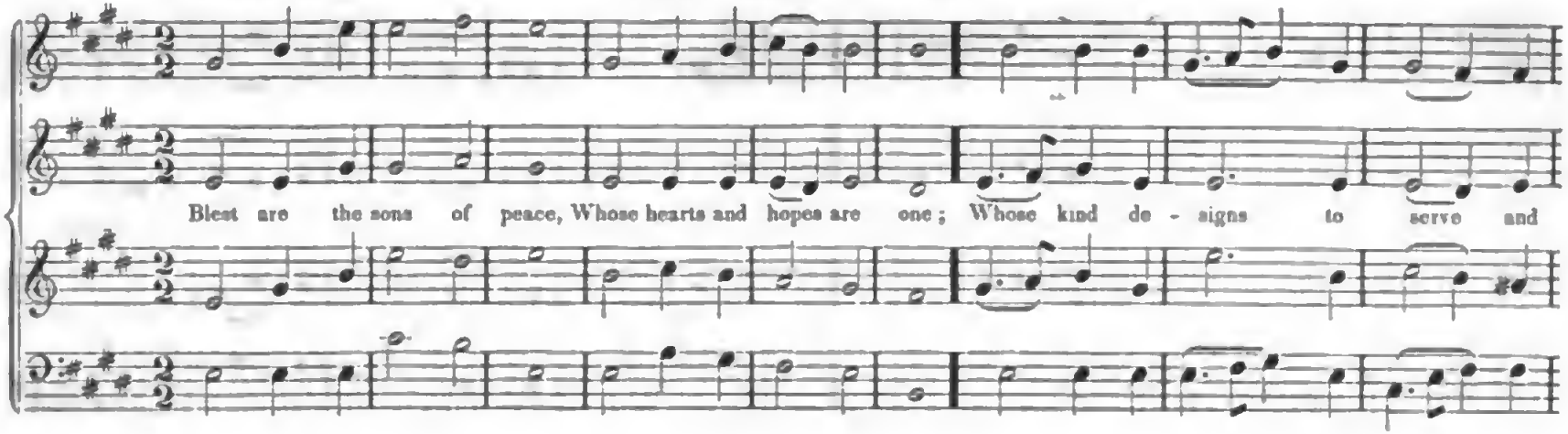

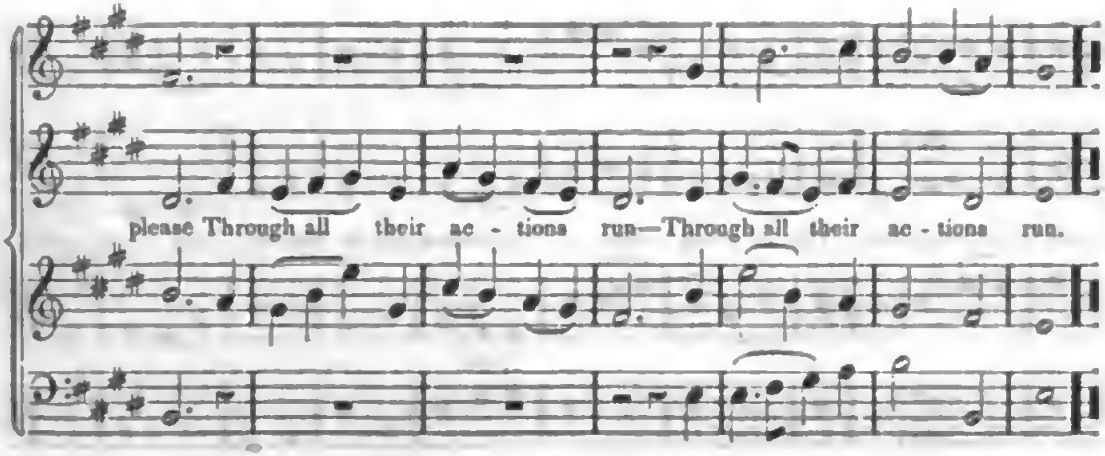

Blest is the pious house
  Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
  Make their communion sweet.

Thus on the heavenly hills
  The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
  And all the air is love.

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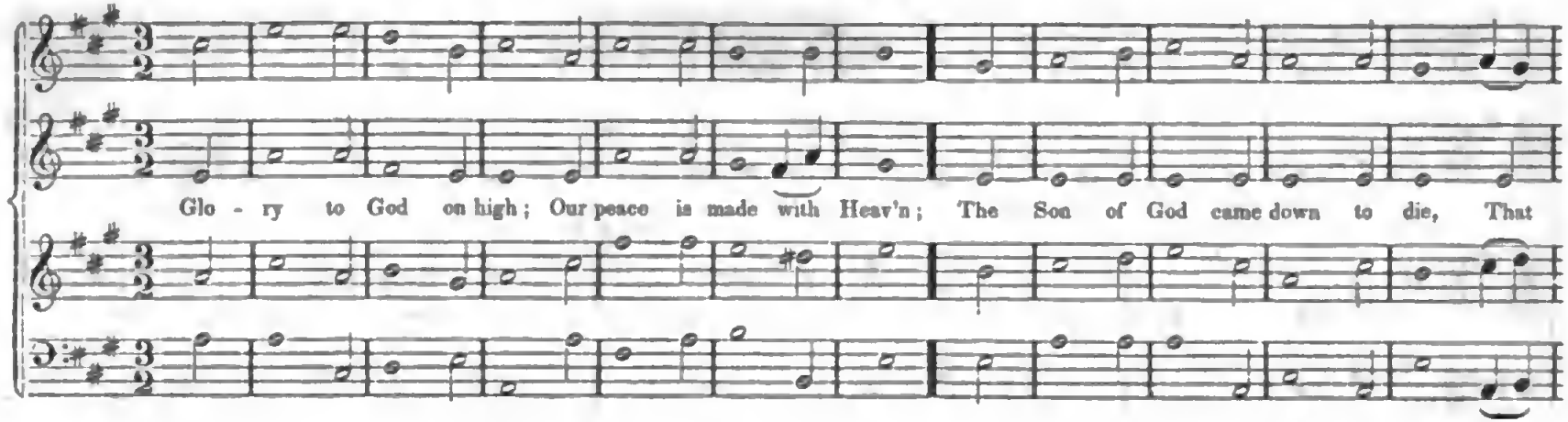

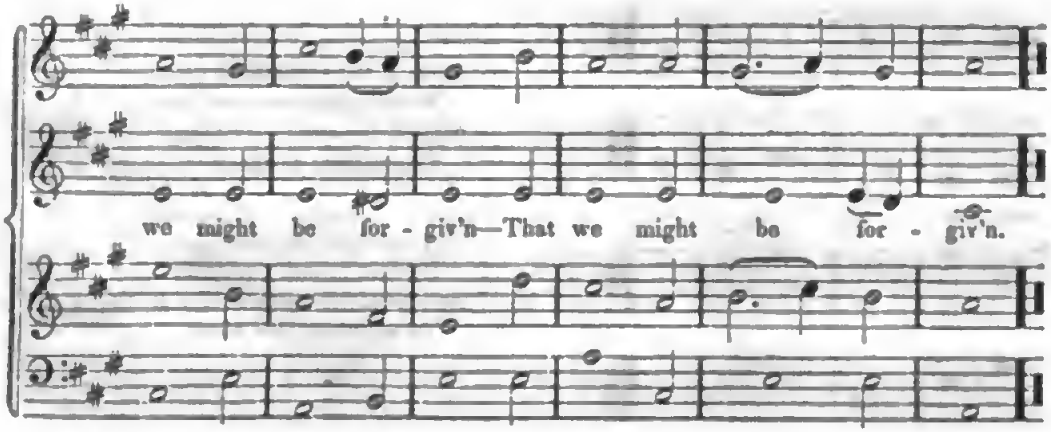

His precious blood was shed,
  His body bruised for sin;
Remember this in eating bread,
  And this in drinking wine.

Approach his royal board,
  In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
  And every heart be glad.

The Father gives his Son;
  The Son his flesh and blood:
The Spirit applies, and faith puts on
  The righteousness of God.

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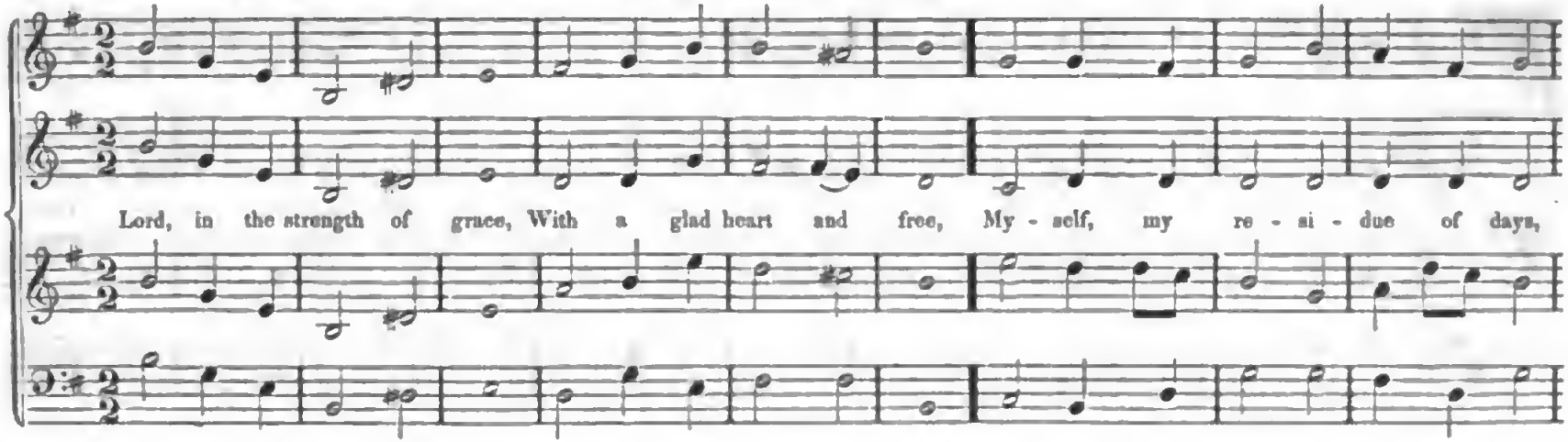

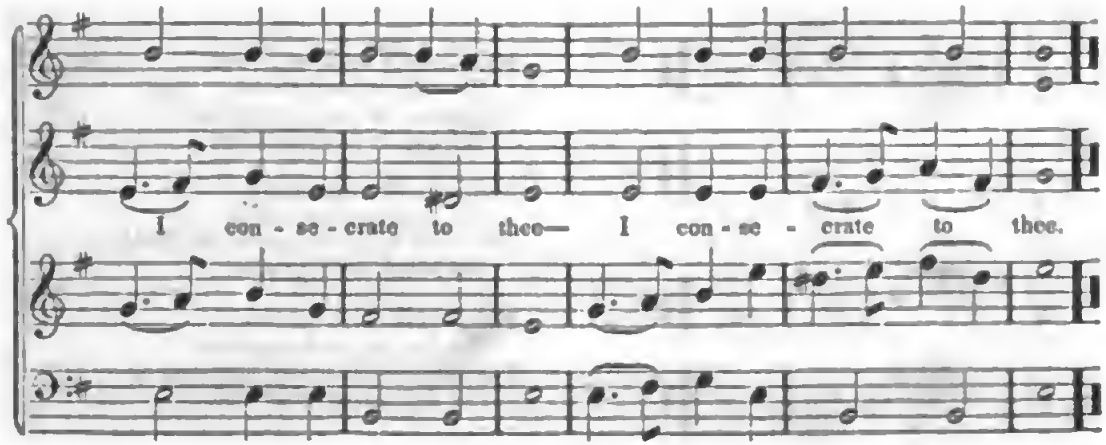

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransom'd servant I,
Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

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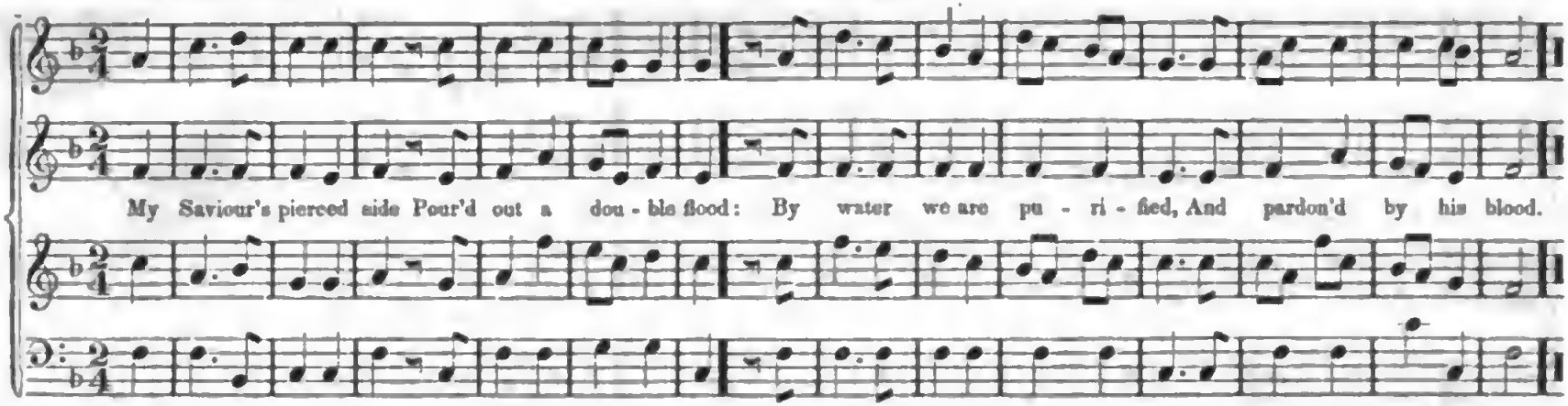
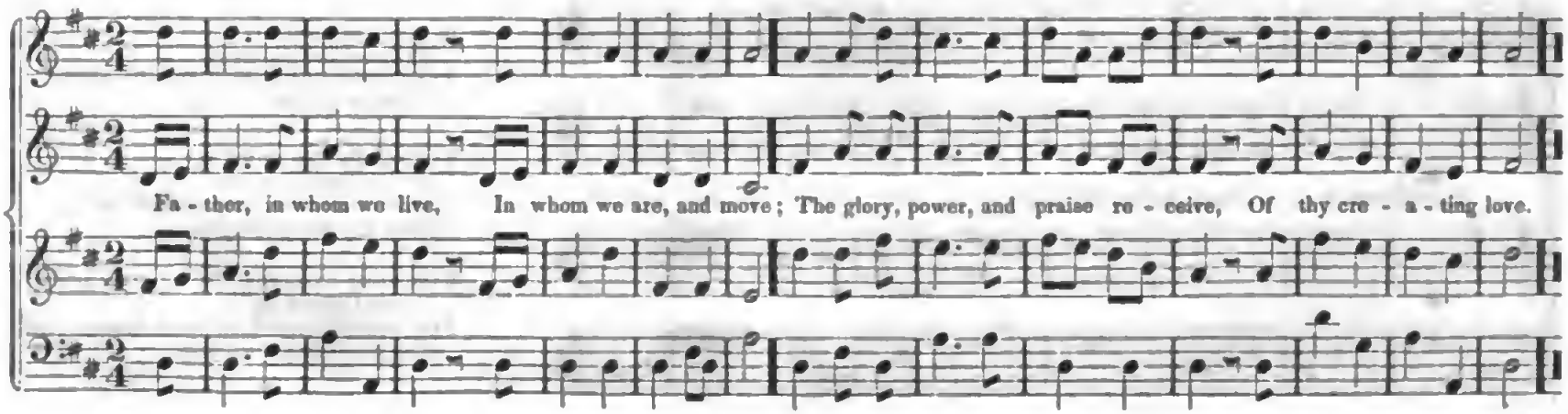
HYMN 235. FOX. S. M.



HYMN 293. OSHKOSH. S. M.



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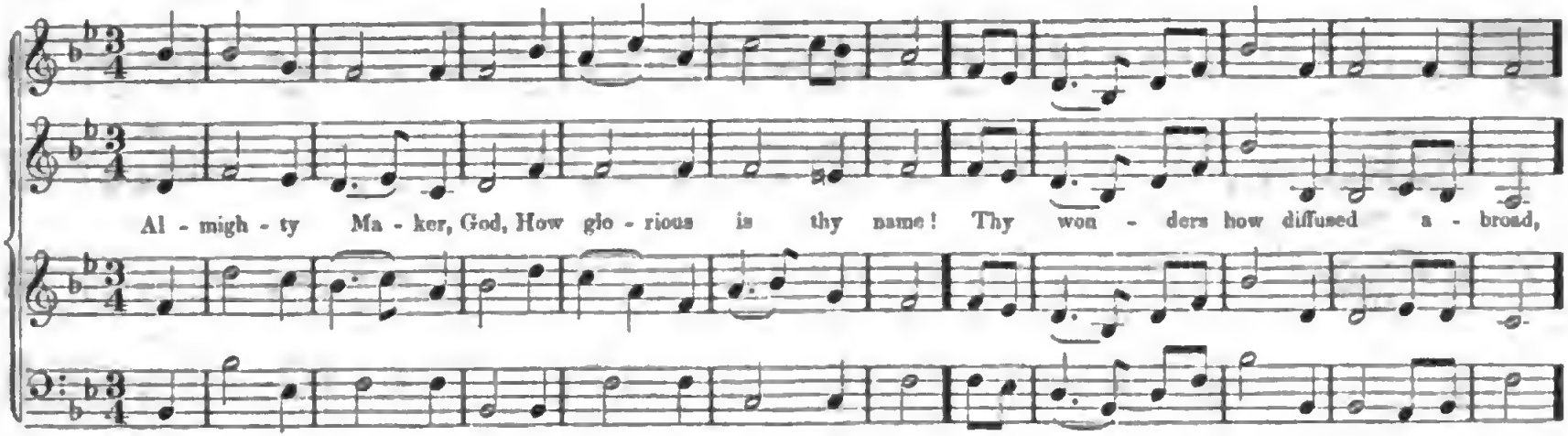

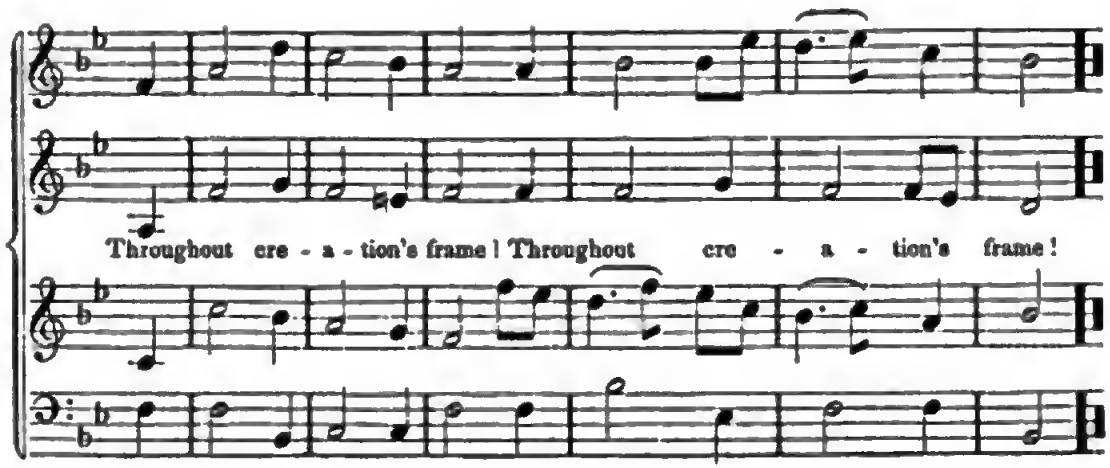

In native white and red
  The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
  To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
  With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
  Upon her artless tongue.

Fain would I rise and sing
  To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
  And give him praises due.

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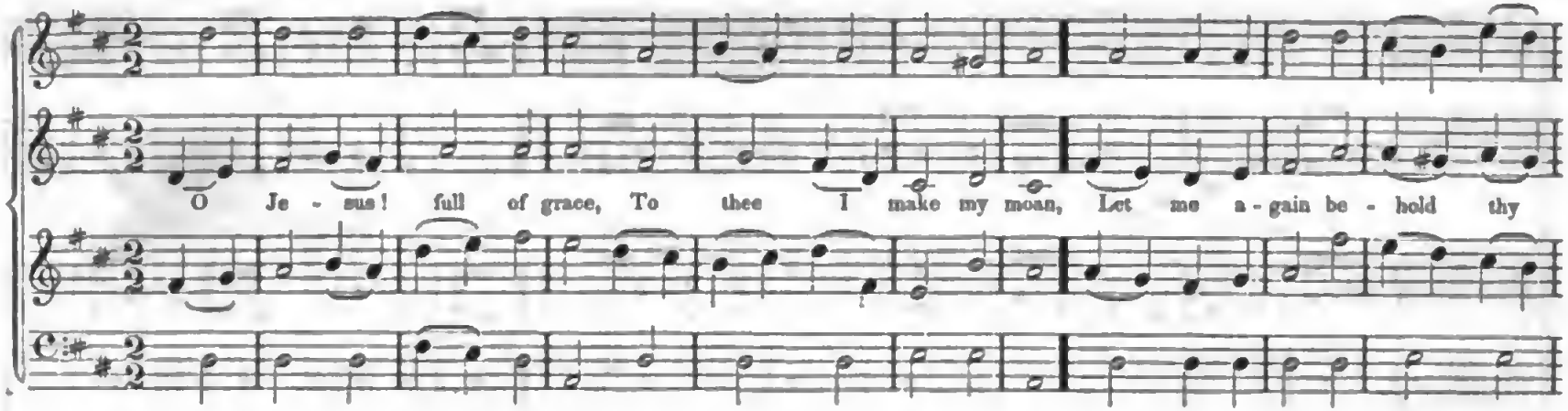

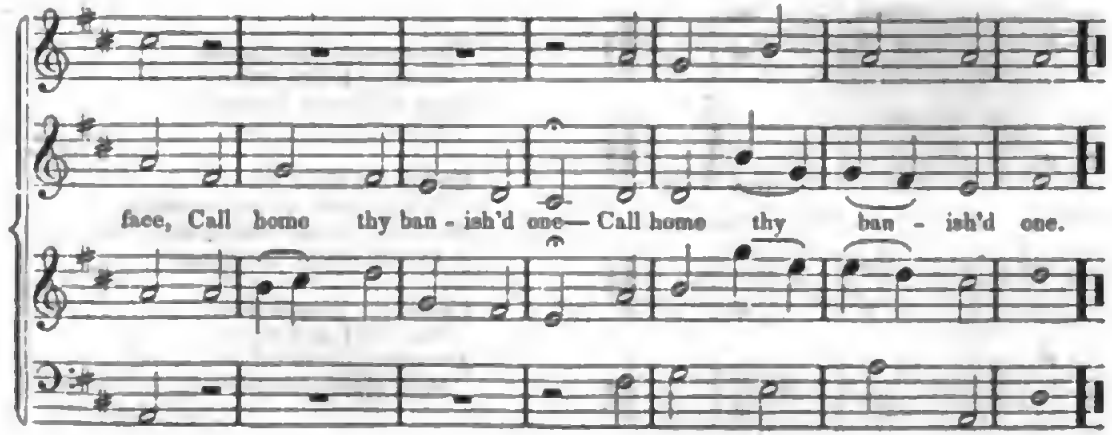

Again my pardon seal,
  Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
  And bid me sin no more.

Wilt thou not bid me rise!
  Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
  Abundantly forgive.

For thine own mercy's sake
  Relieve my wretchedness,
And O my pardon give me back,
  And give me back my peace!

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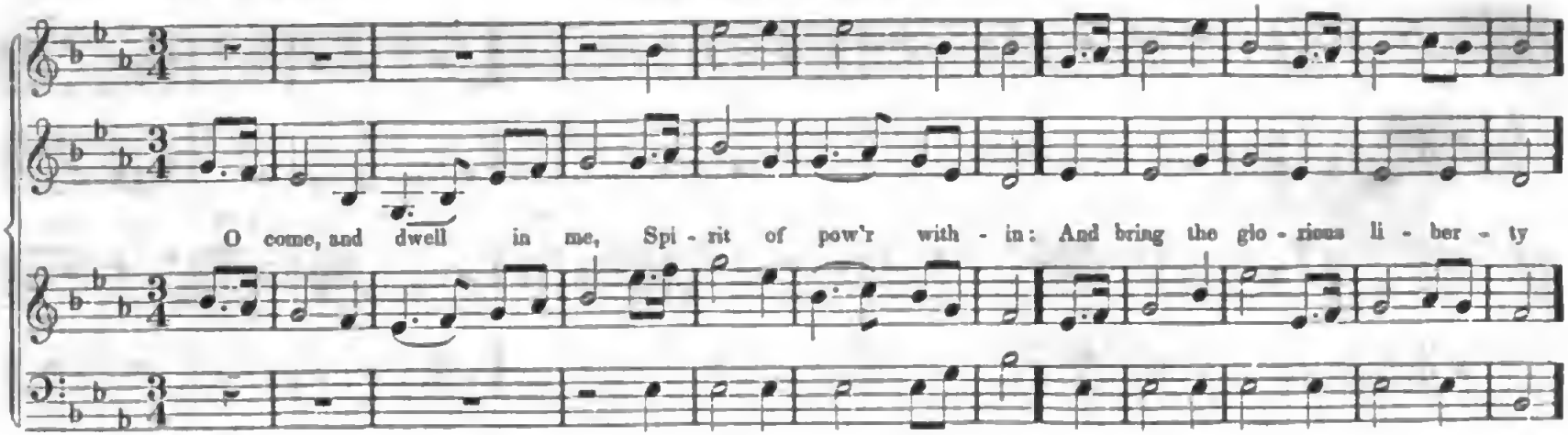

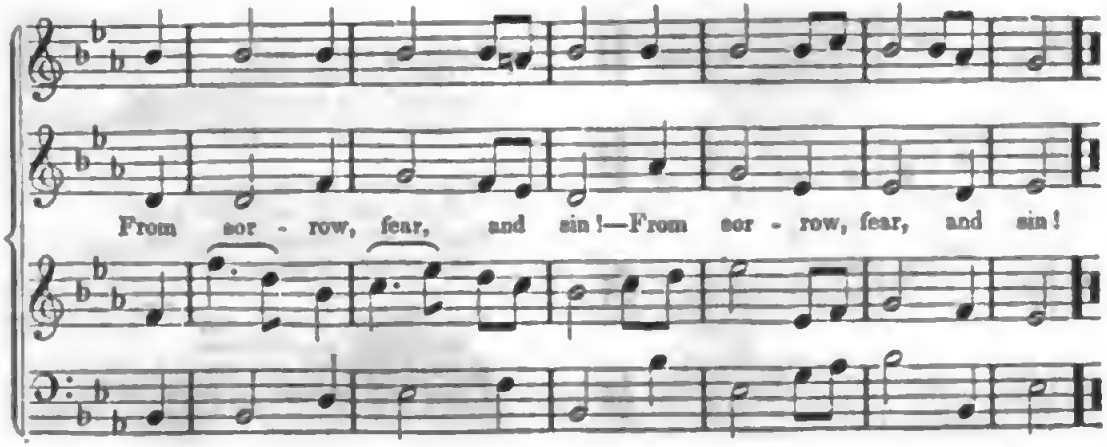

This inward, dire disease,
  Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
  Spirit of perfect love.

Hasten the joyful day,
  Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
  And all things new become.

I want the witness, Lord,
  That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
  Well pleasing in thy sight.

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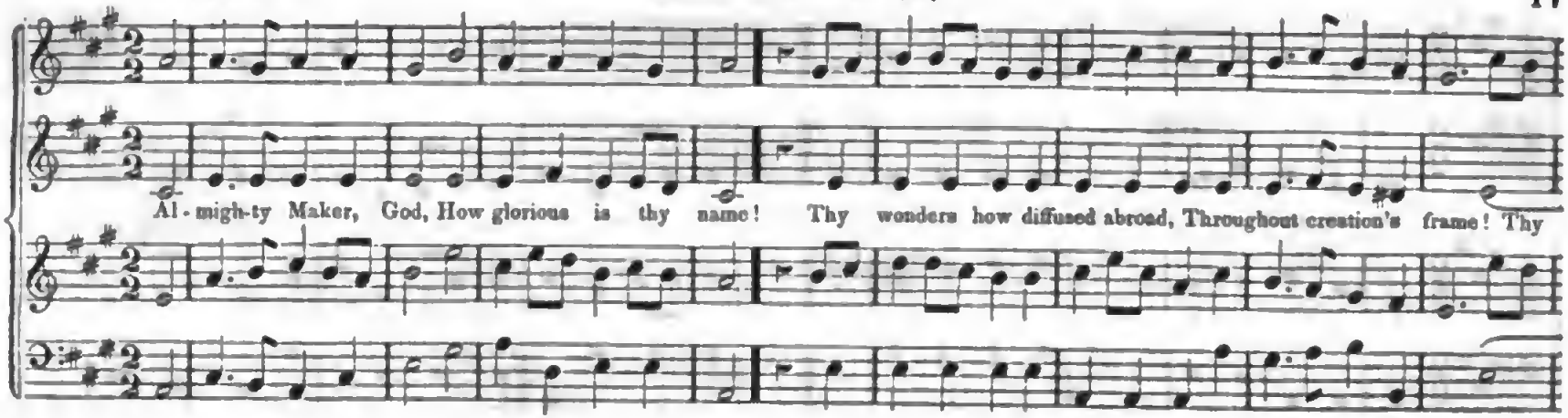

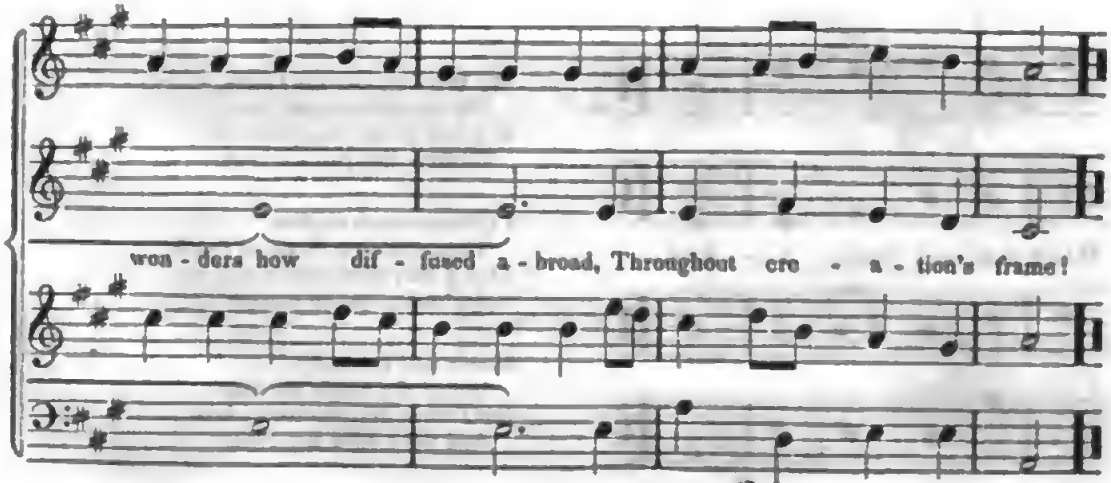

In native white and red
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And free from pride, their beauties spread,
  To show thy skillful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
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And bears her Maker's praise on high,
  Upon her artless tongue.

Fain would I rise and sing
  To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
  And give him praises due.

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YAMASSEE. S. M.

Je - sus, my Truth, my Way, My sure, un - err - ing Light; On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide aright.

On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide a - right.

My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

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HYMN 455. DELAWARE. S. M.

Lord of the harvest, hear Thy needy servant's cry; Answer our faith's effectual prayer, And all our wants supply—And all our wants supply.

HYMN 372. KYOE. S. M.

Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee—I consecrate to thee.

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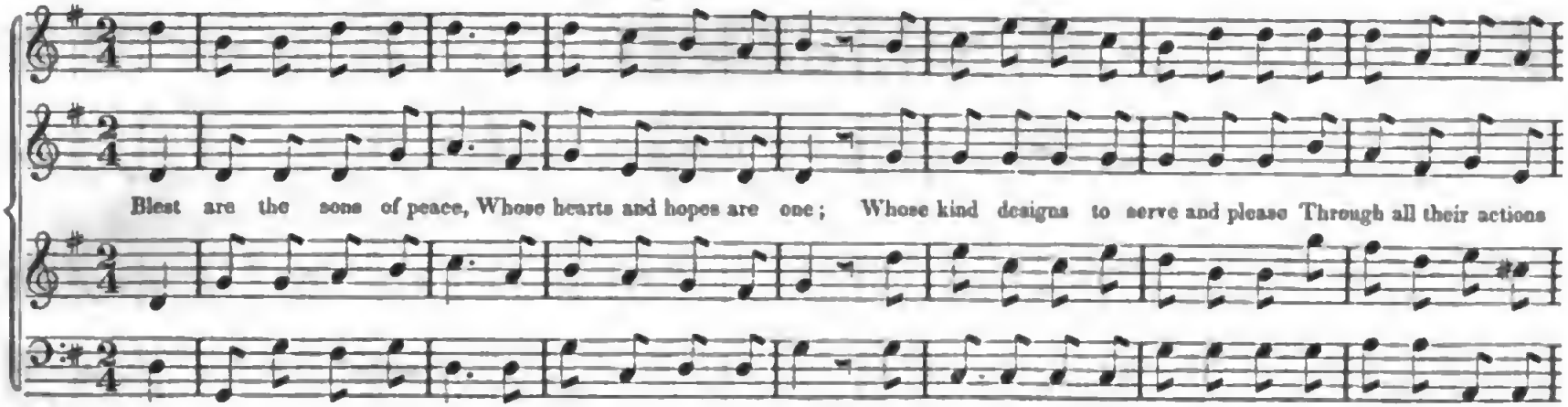
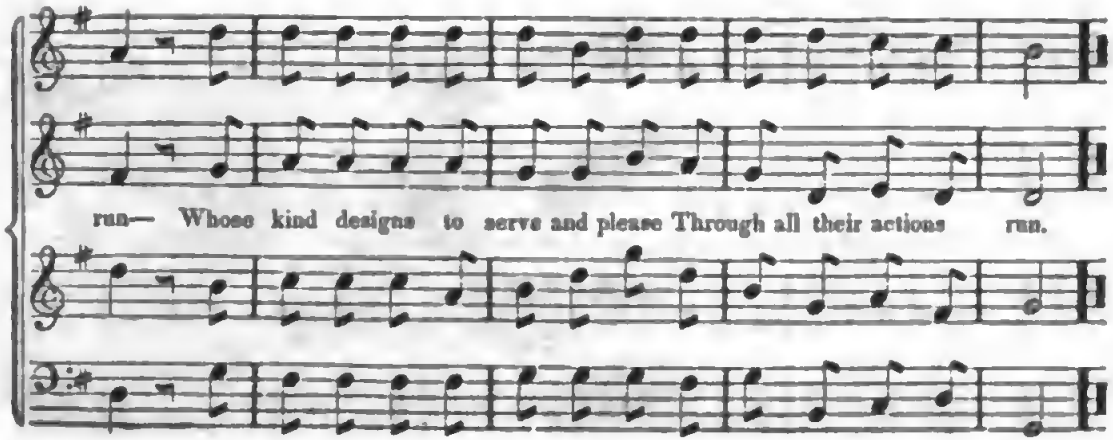
MISHWAUKIE. S. M.





Blest is the pious house
  Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
  Make their communion sweet.

Thus on the heavenly hills
  The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
  And all the air is love.

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Allegro.

See how the morning sun Pursues his shining way; And wide proclaims his Maker's praise, With ev'ry bright'ning ray—

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise, With ev' - ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

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QUINNEBAUG. S. M.

Slow.

Give me a so - ber mind, A quick discerning eye, The first ap-proach of sin to find, And all occasions fly.

BRALTON. S. M.*

1. I lift my soul to God! My trust is in his name; Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still tri-umph in my shame.

2. From ear - ly dawning light, Till evening shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord, I wait, With e - ver - longing eyes.

* From the Carmina Sacra.

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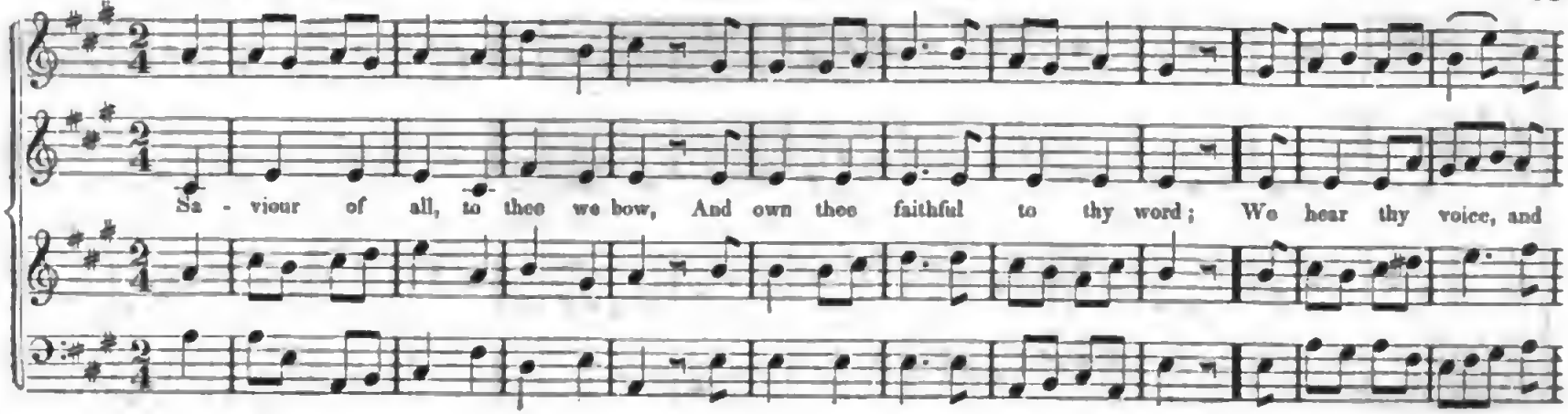

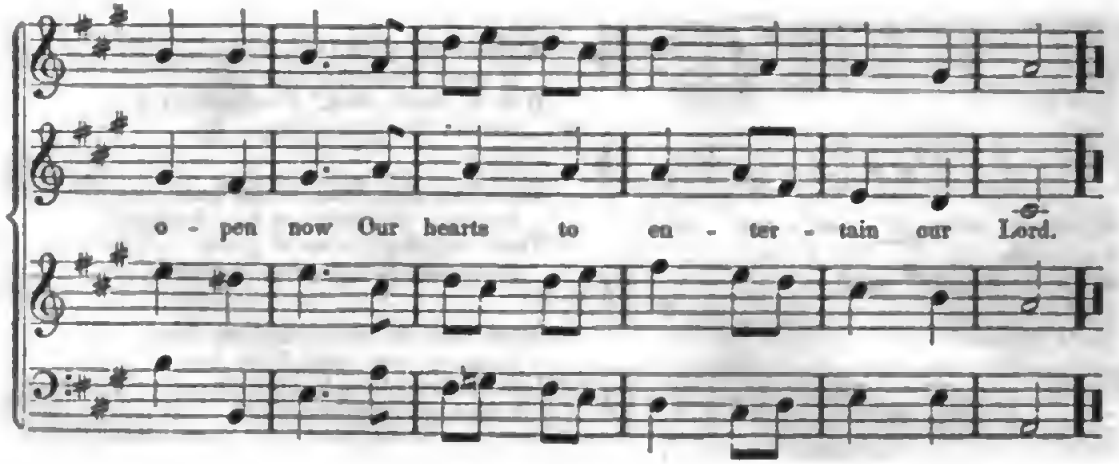

Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
  Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
  And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
  Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
  Who rest in thy redeeming love.

Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
  Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
  Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

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When, gra-cious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in thee! The fulness of thy promise prove, The seal of thine e - ter - nal love!—The seal of thine e - ter - nal love!

A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul, shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

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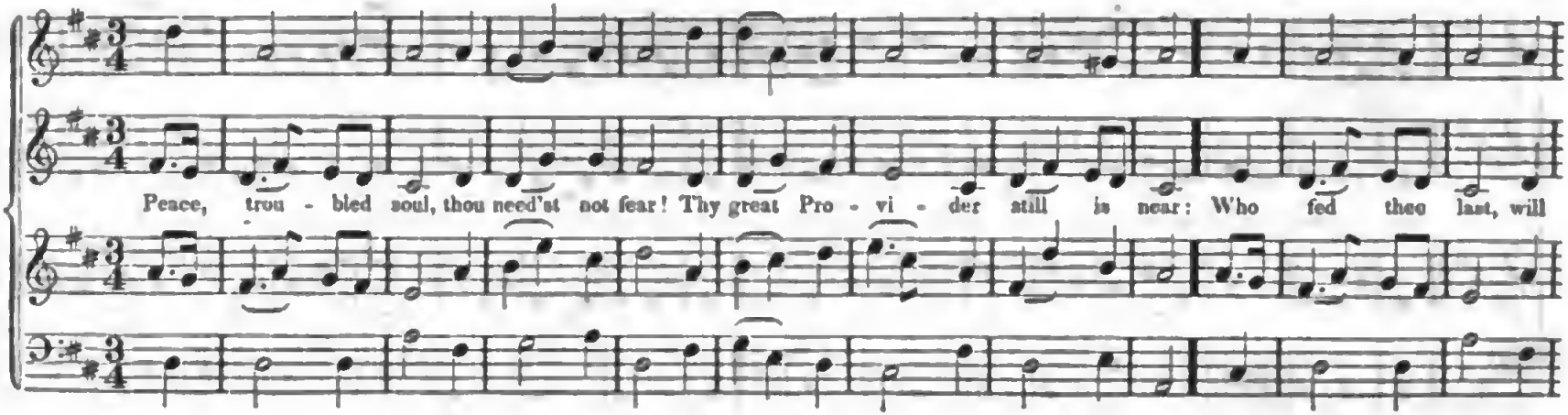

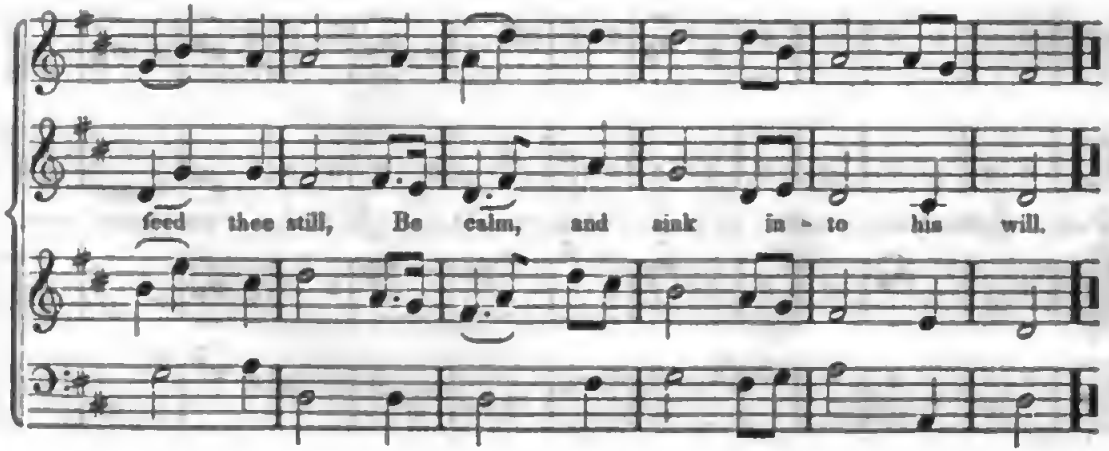

The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

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Hymn 298. STOCKBRIDGE. L. M.

The spacious firma - ment on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame) Their great Original proclaim.

Hymn 568. CREEK. L. M.

The morning flow'rs display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold; As careless of the noontide heats, As fearless of the evening cold.

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From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise,
Let the Re - deemer's name be sung Through ev' - ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal

truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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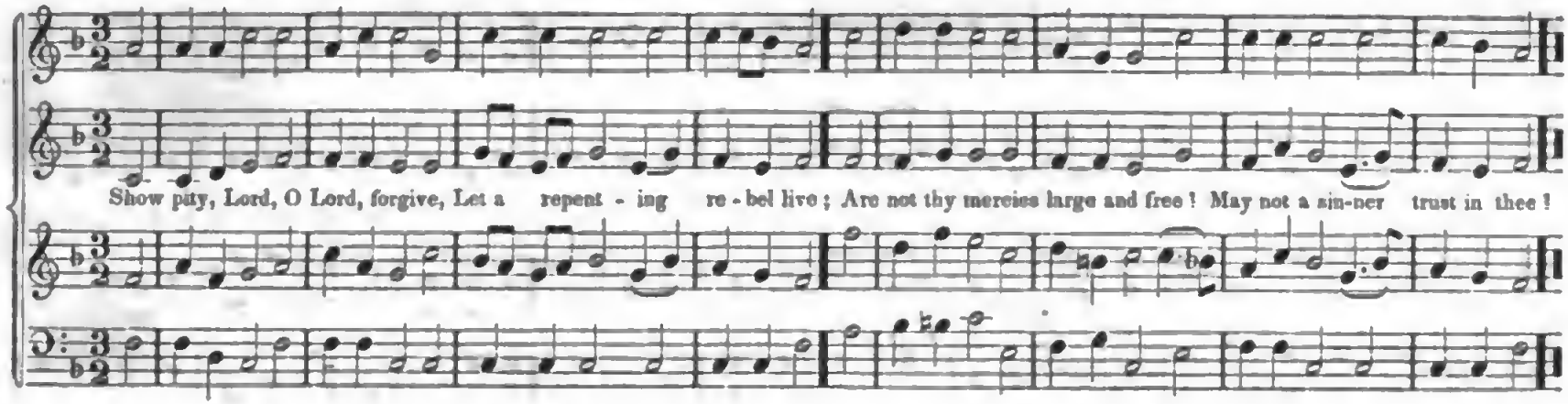
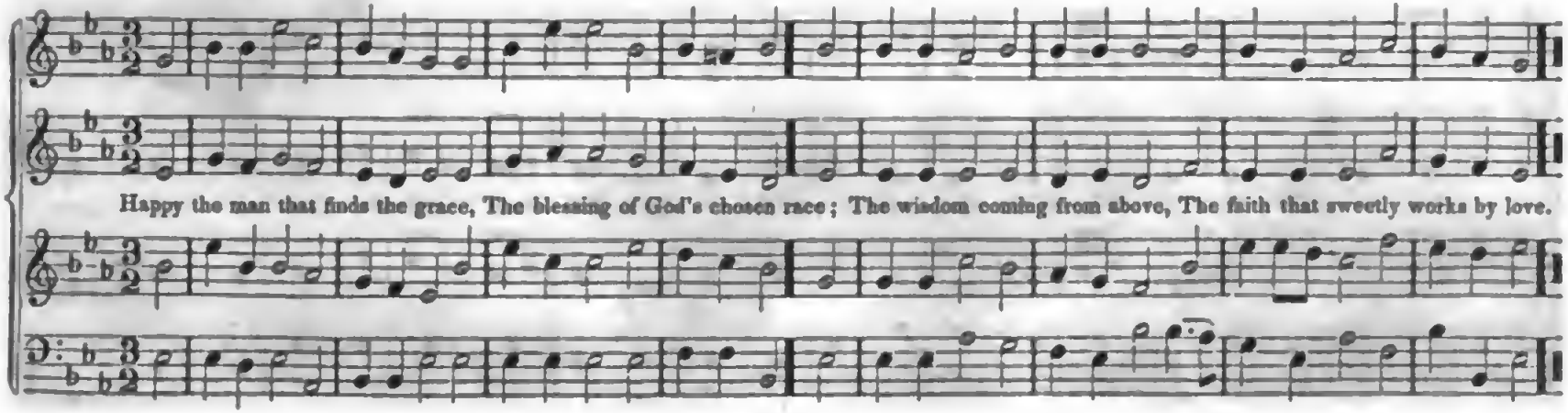
HYMN 90. TUSCARORAH. L. M.



HYMN 253. APES. L. M.



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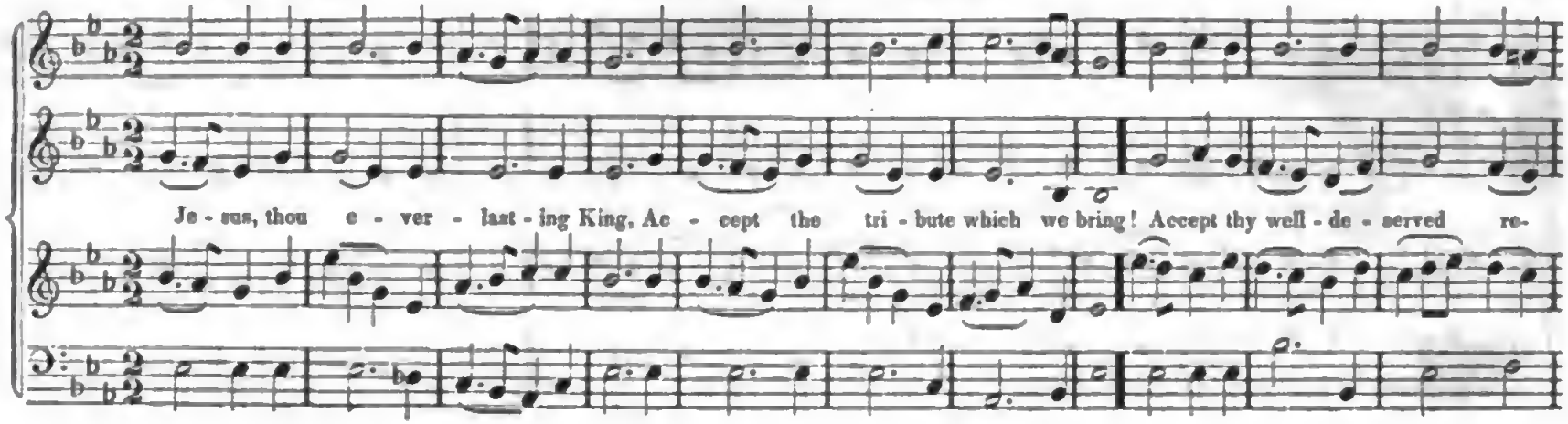

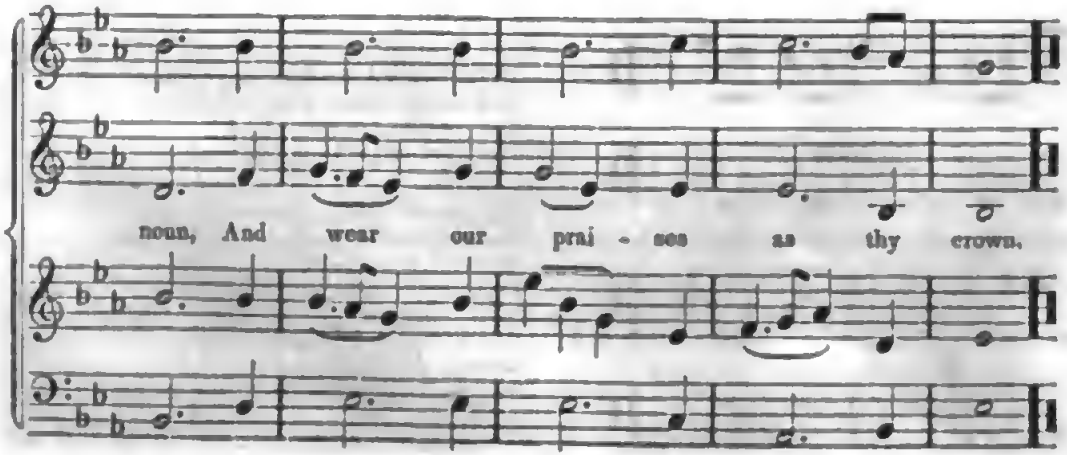

Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

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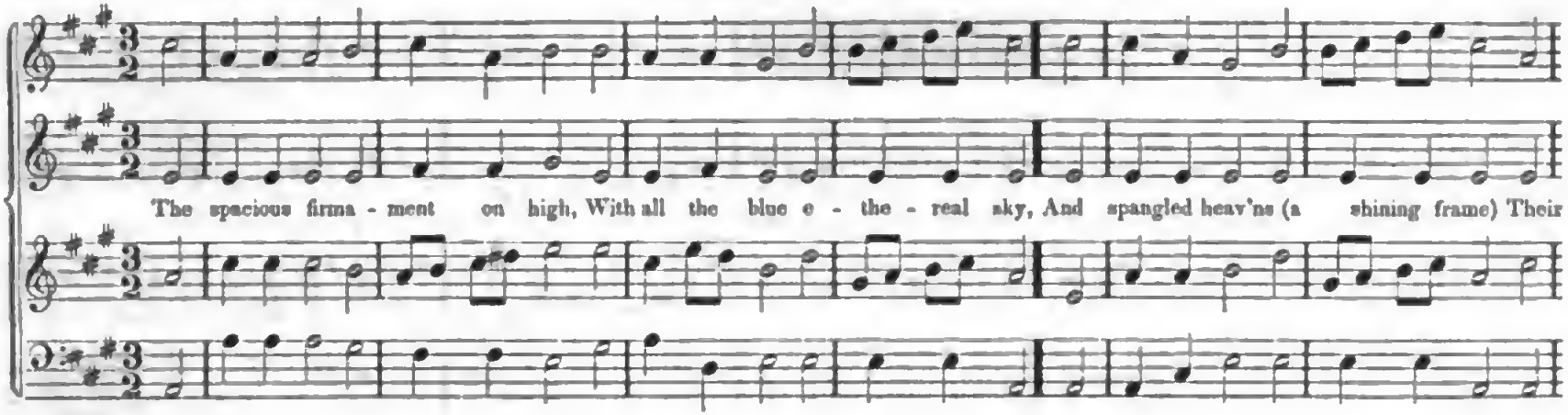

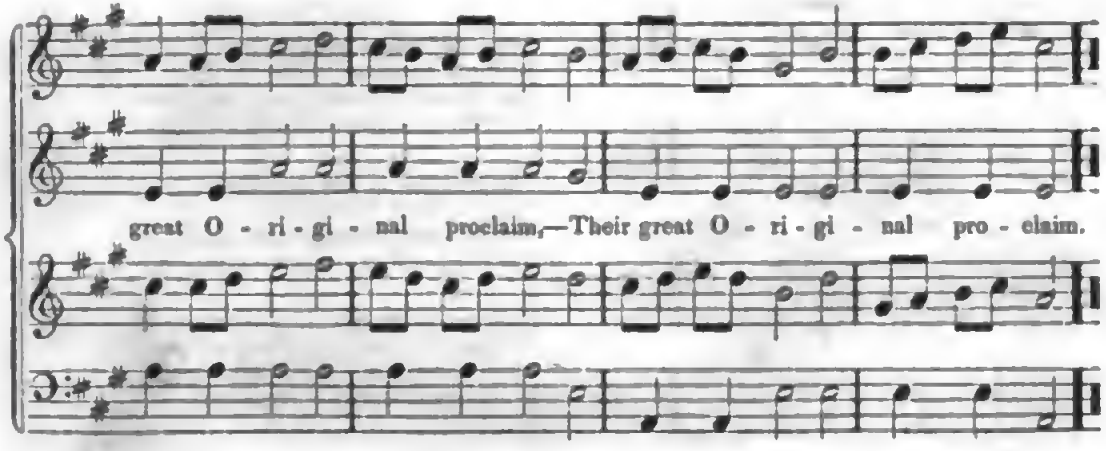

Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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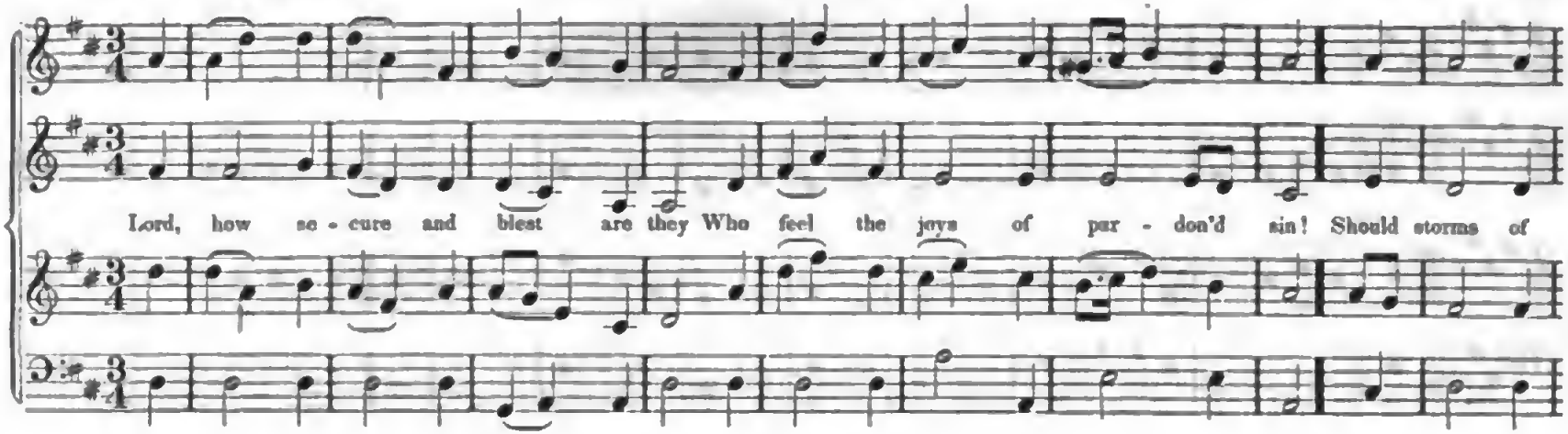

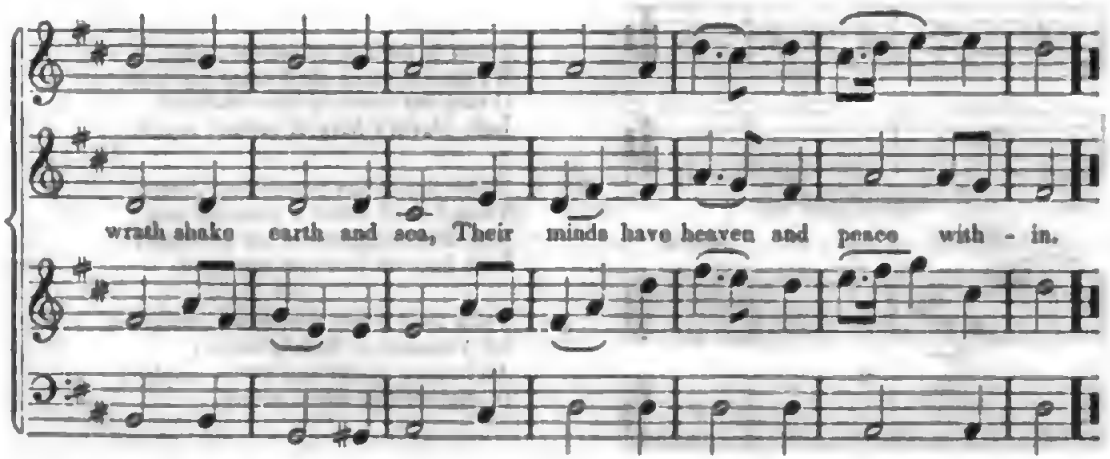

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
  Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
  Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
  But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
  And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
  Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
  Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

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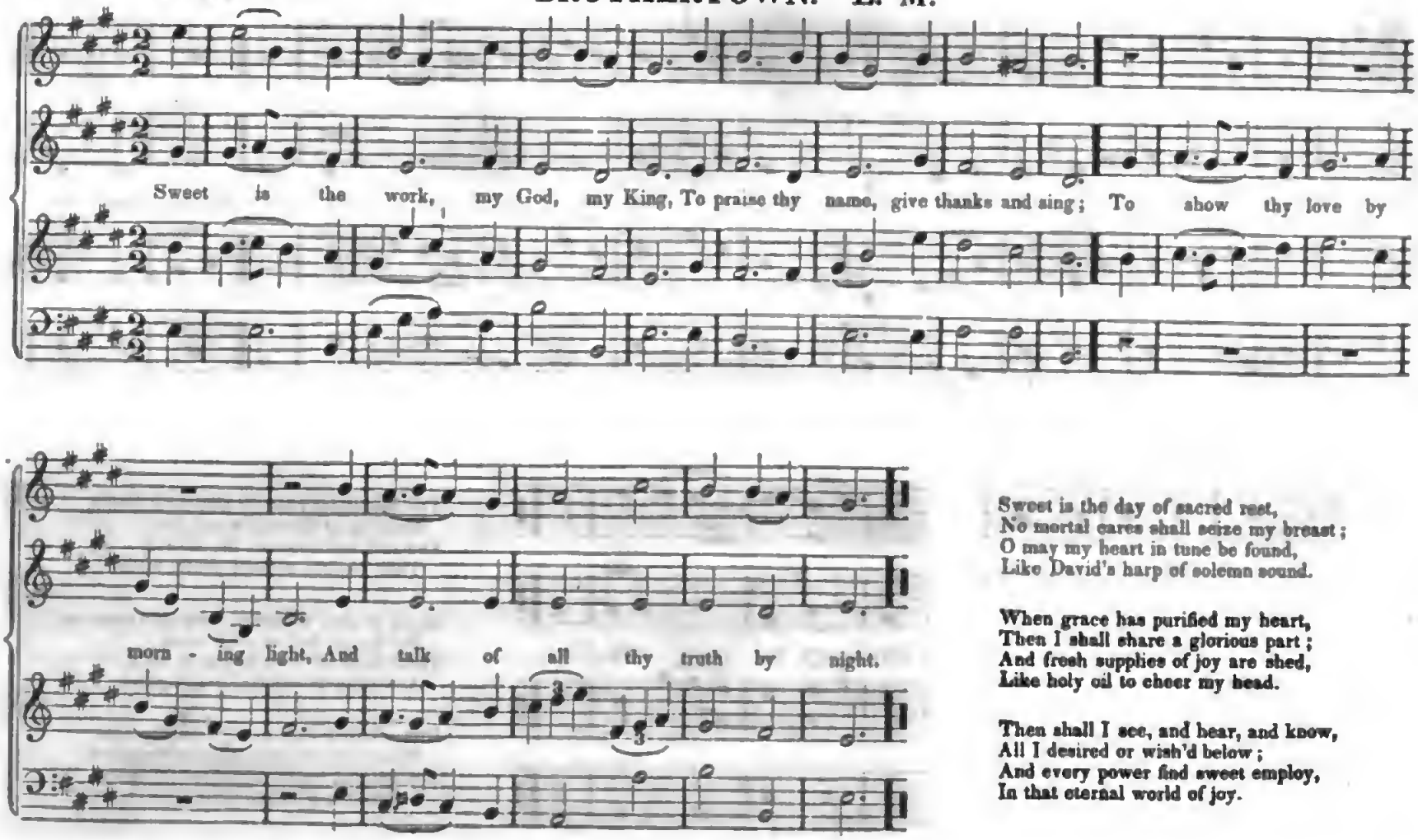
BROTHERTOWN. L. M.



Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

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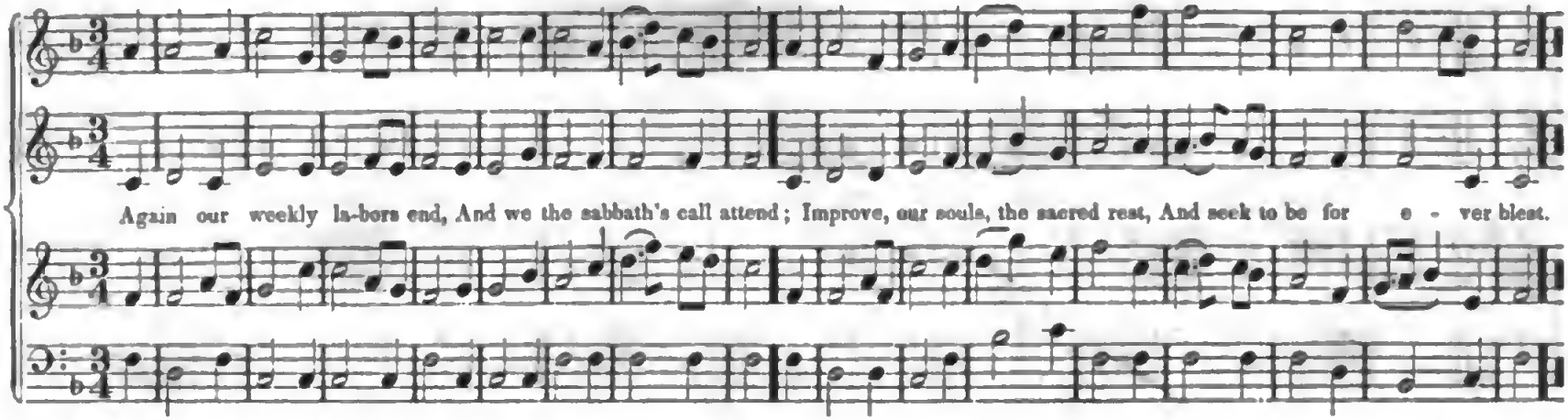
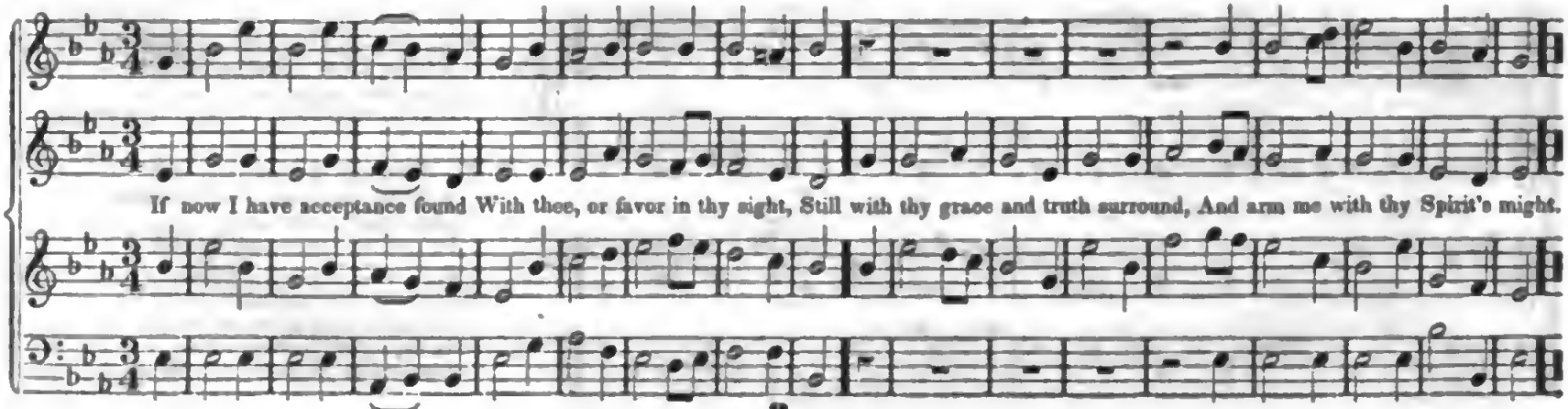
Hymn 695. MUNPONSET. L. M.



Hymn 355. PONTIAC. L. M.



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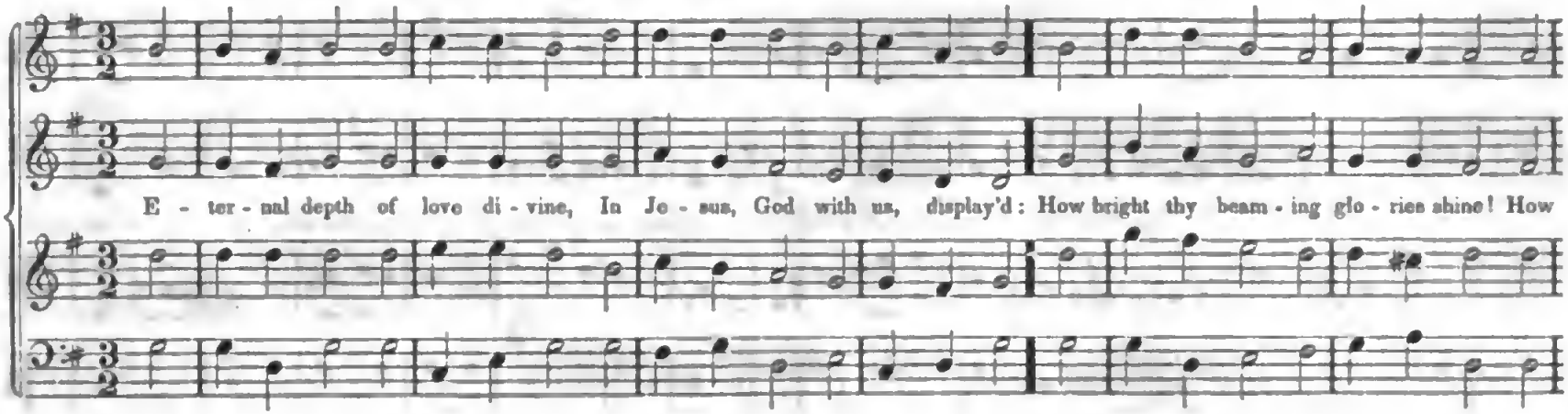

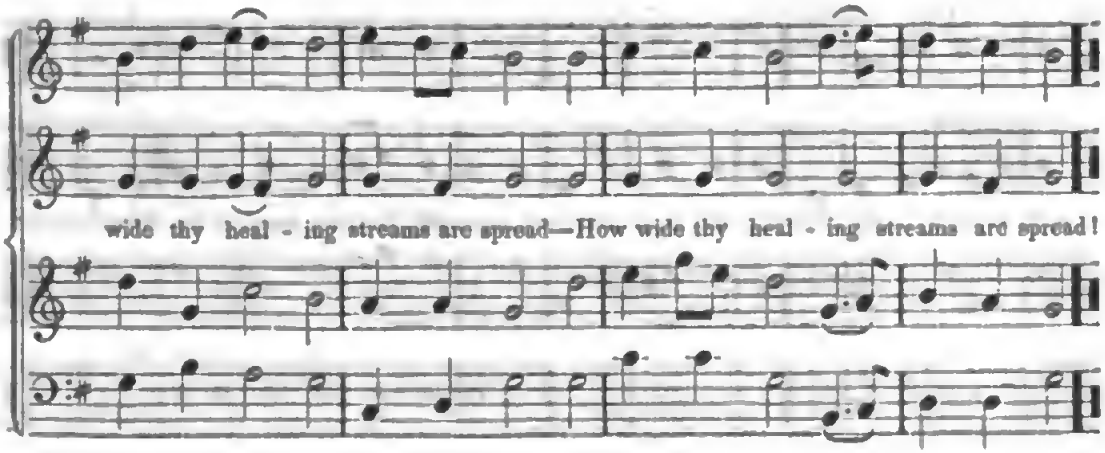

With whom dost thou delight to dwell!
  Sinners, a vile and thankless race;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
  How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

The dictates of thy sovereign will
  With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil;
  Lo! all we are to thee we give.

To thy sure love, thy tender care,
  Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
  And seal th' abode for ever thine.

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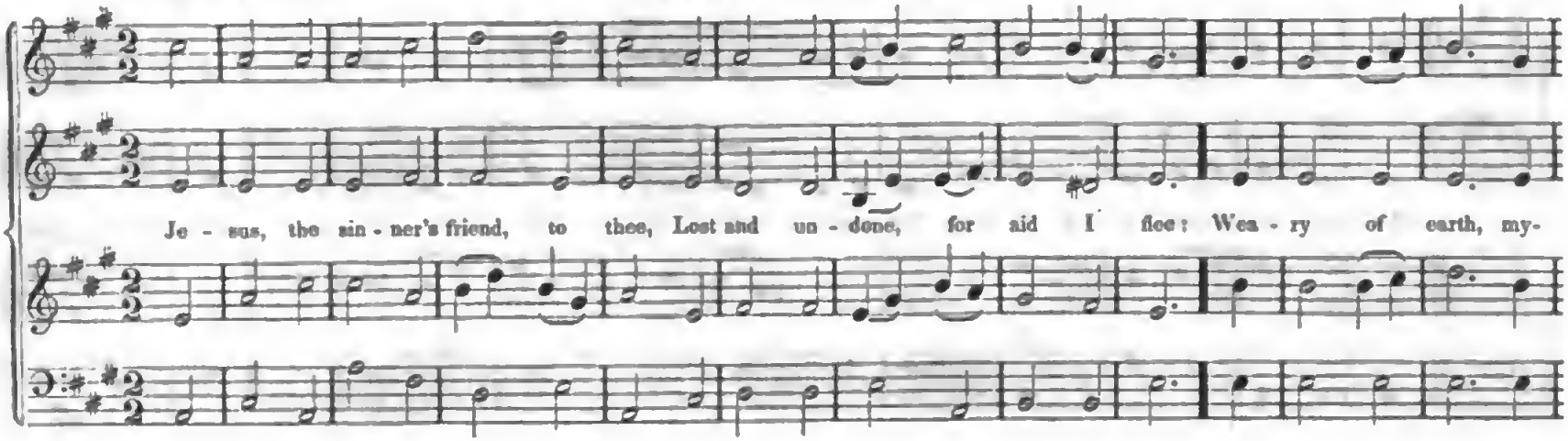

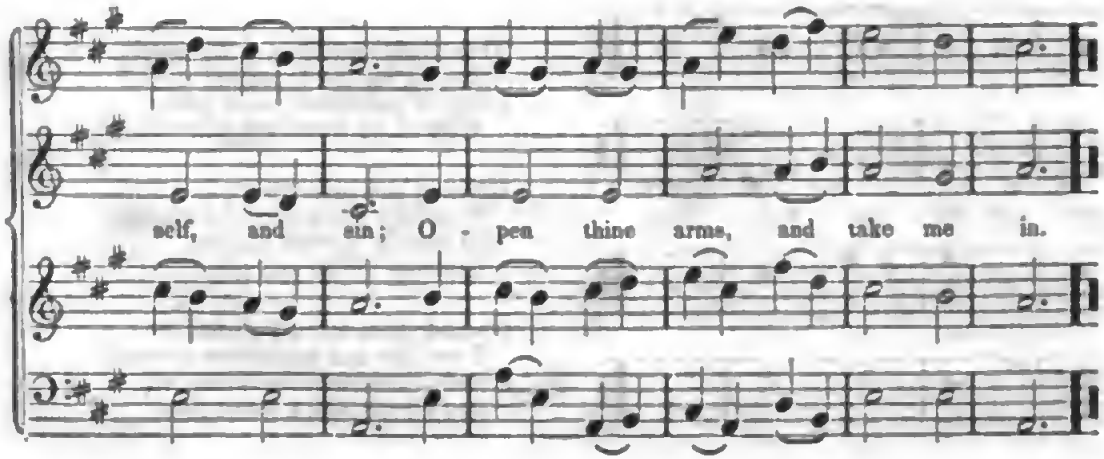

Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there!
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

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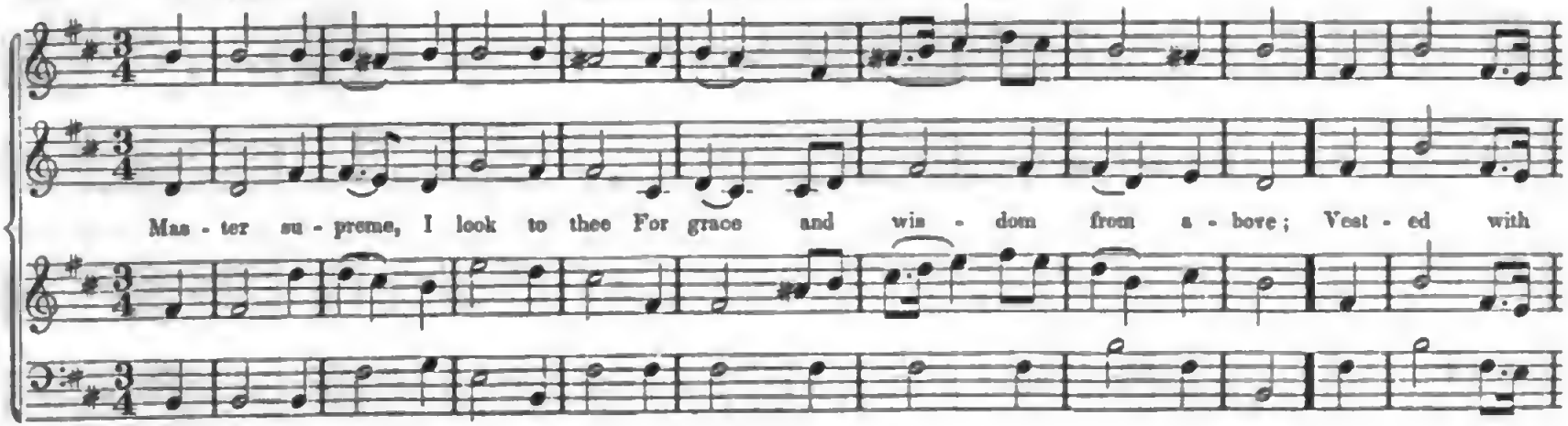

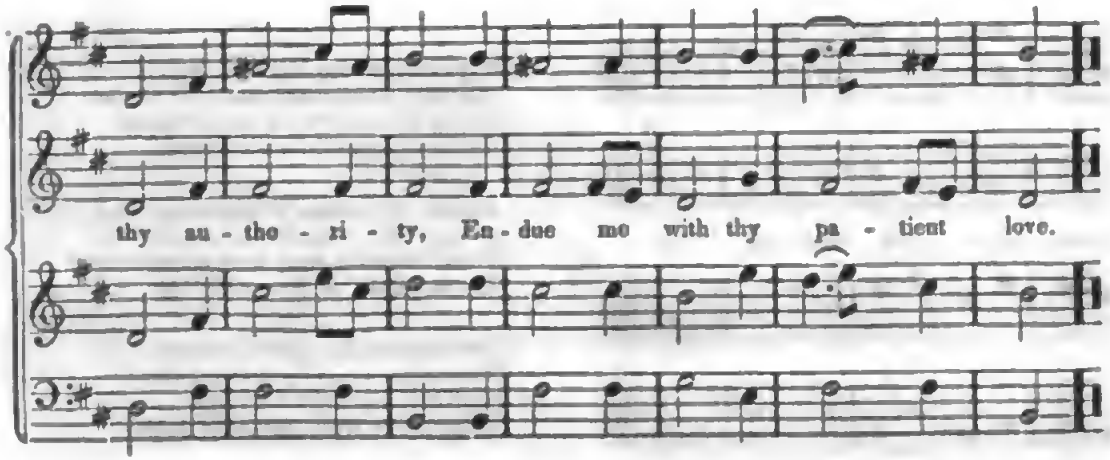

That taught according to thy will,
  To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
  With all my heart, and all my might.

Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
  I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
  Impartial I to all may give:

O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
  From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
  And govern with a looser rein.

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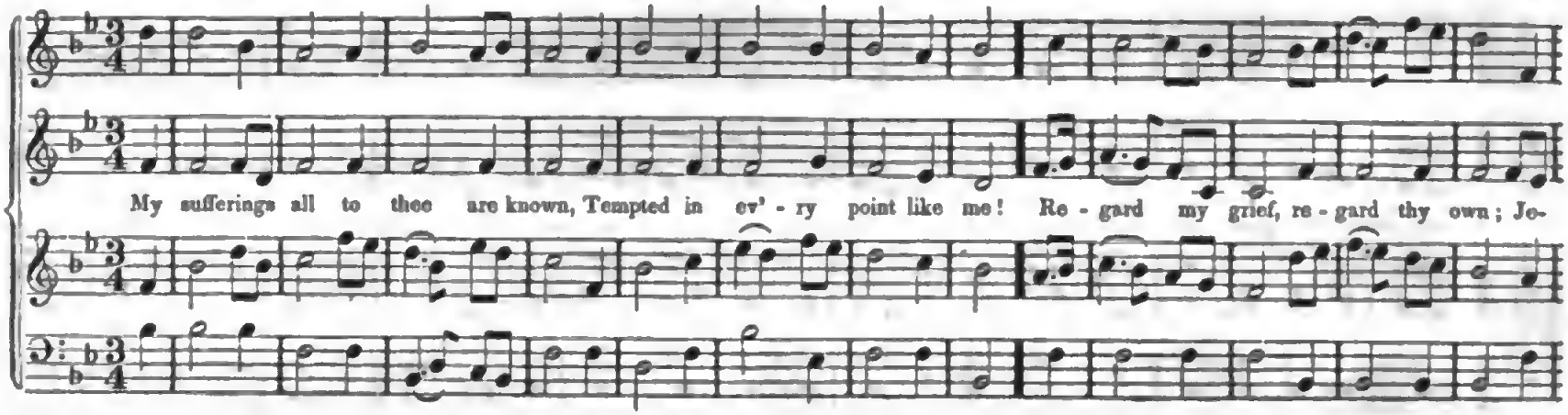

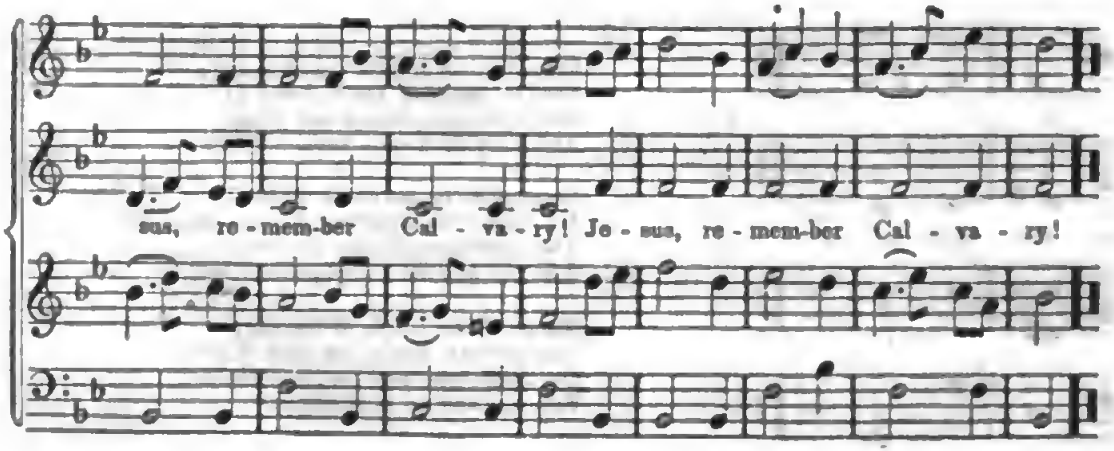

O call to mind thy earnest prayers!
  Thy agony and sweat of blood!
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!
  Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

For whom didst thou thy cross endure?
  Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
  O let thy bowels answer me!

Art thou not touch'd with human wo?
  Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
  And claim a share in all my pain?

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TOTOSON. L. M.

He comes! He comes! the Judge se - vere! The se - venth trum - pet speaks him near; His light-nings flash, his

thun - ders roll; How wel - come to the faith - ful soul!

From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

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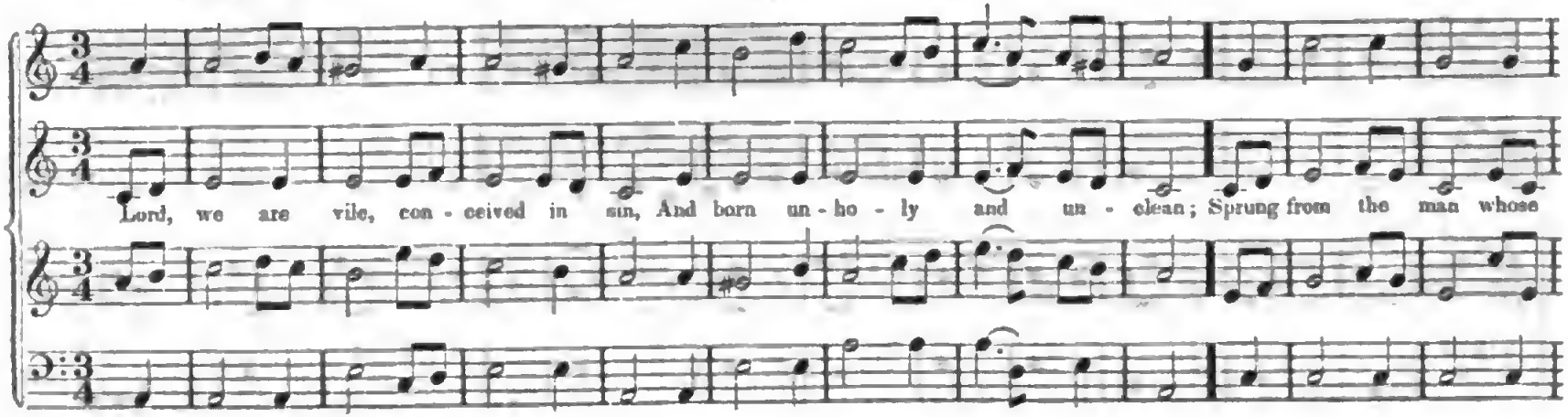

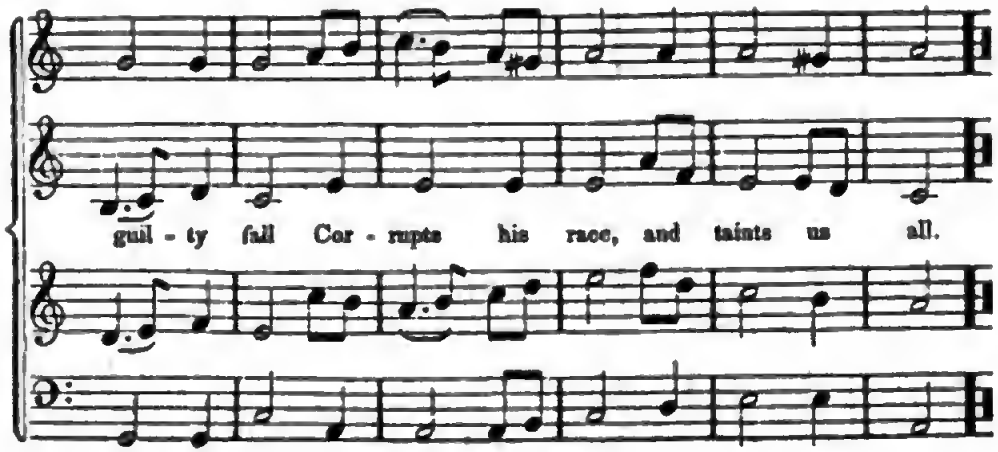

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

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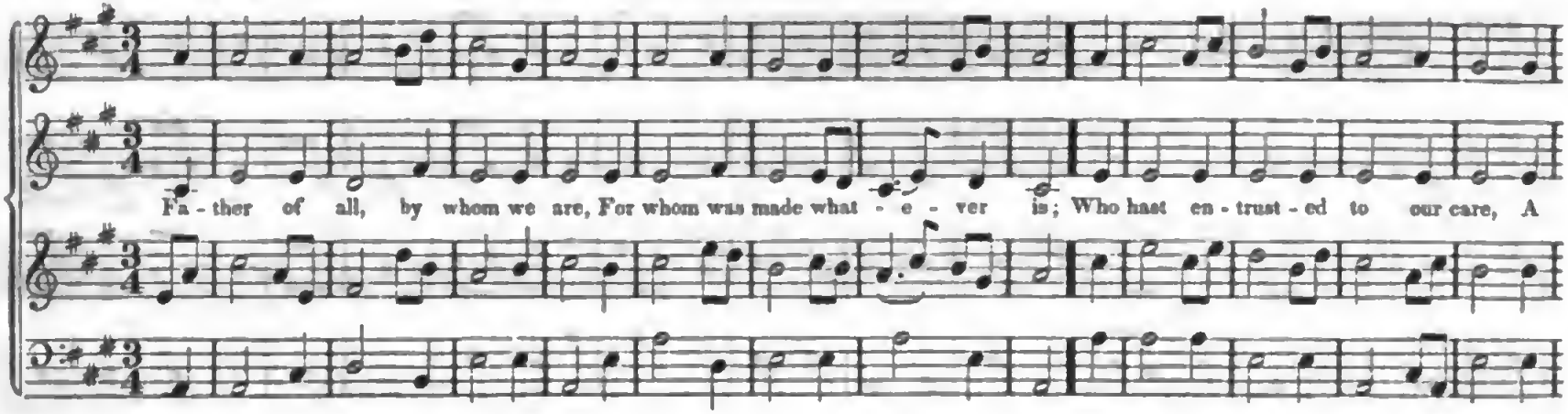

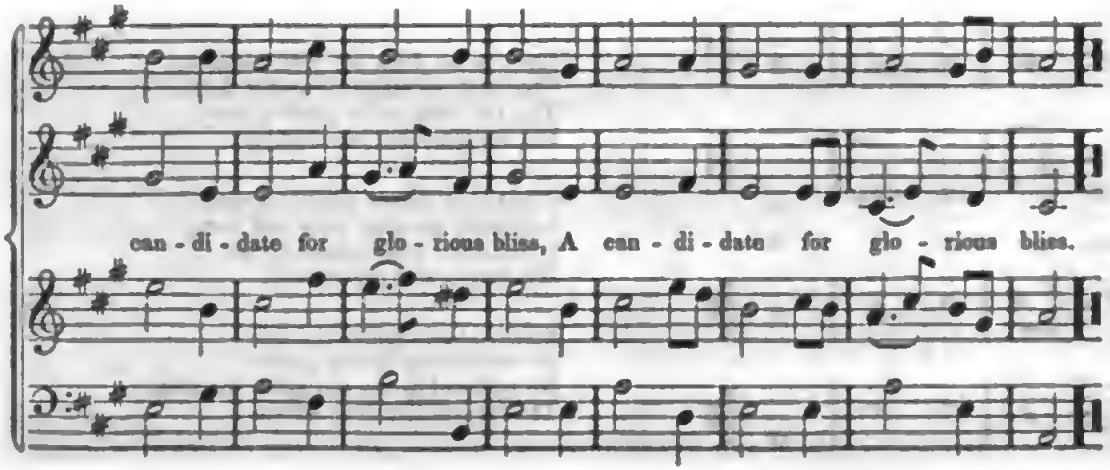

Poor worms of earth, to thee we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee.

Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes they pamper and admire;
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer Moloch, through the fire.

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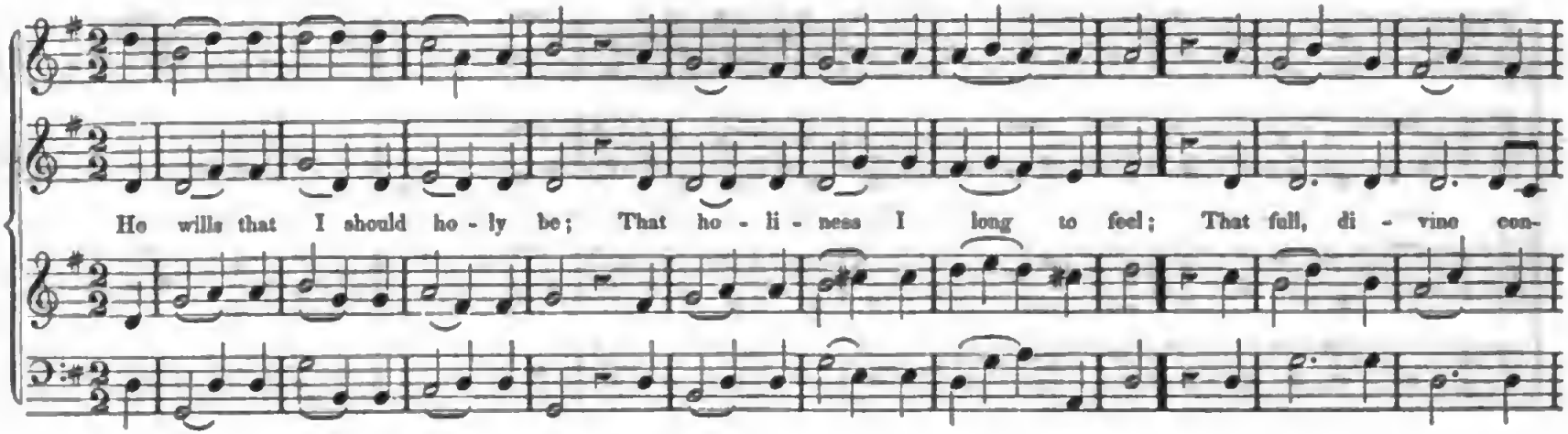

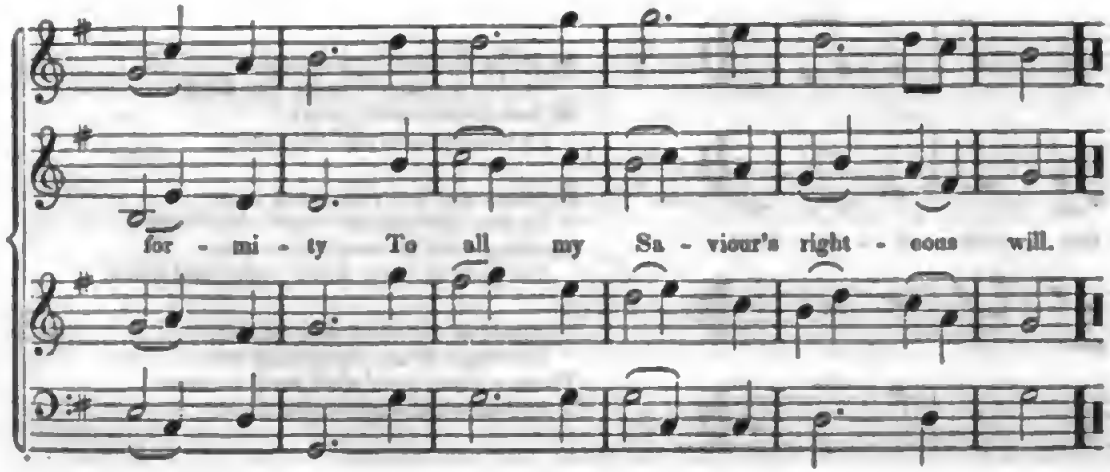

See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
  Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
  In all the depths of love divine!

On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
  And waits to prove thine utmost will:
The promise, by thy mercy made,
  Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.

No more I stagger at thy power,
  Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
  And bless me with thy perfect love.

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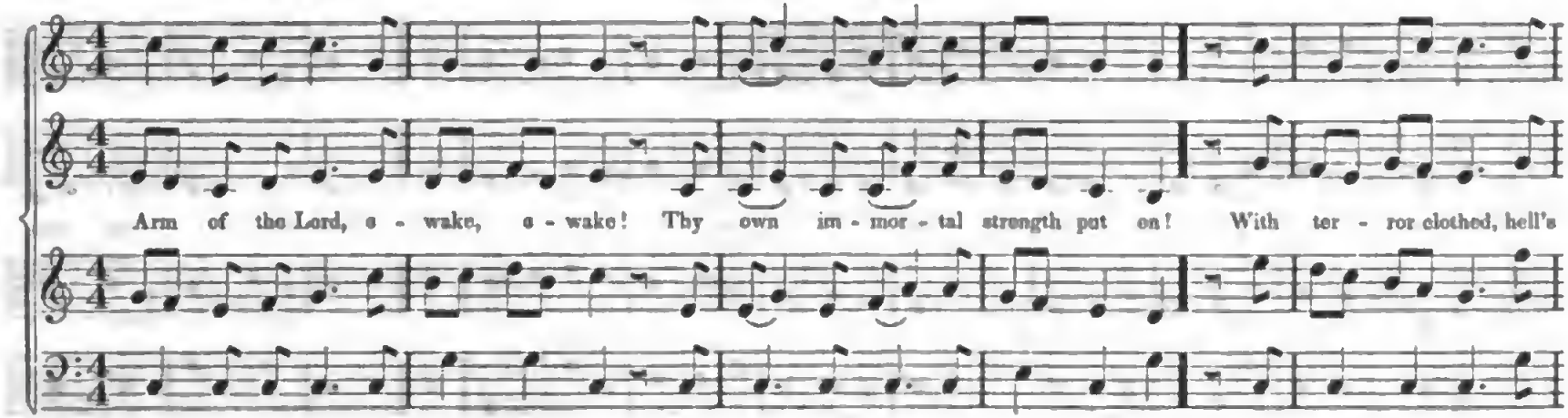

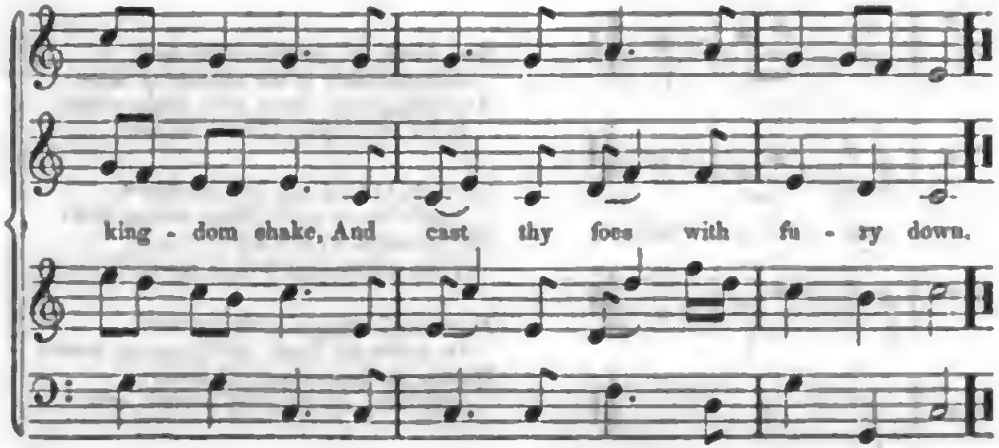

As in the ancient days appear!
  The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
  To endless ages still the same.

By death and hell pursued in vain,
  To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,
  And pass through death triumphant home.

The pain of life shall then be o'er,
  The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
  And sin shall never enter there.

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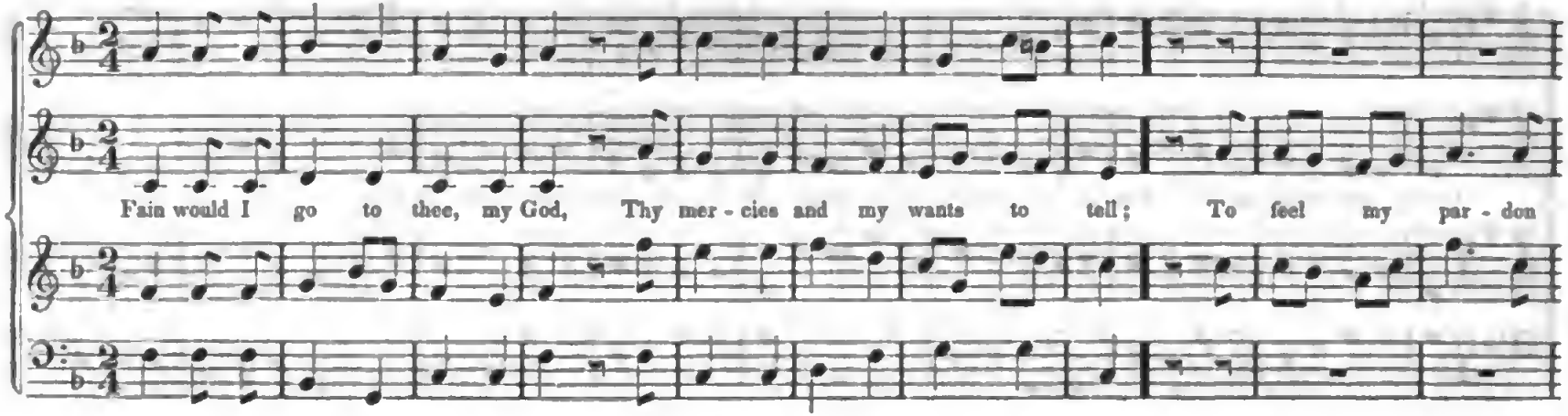

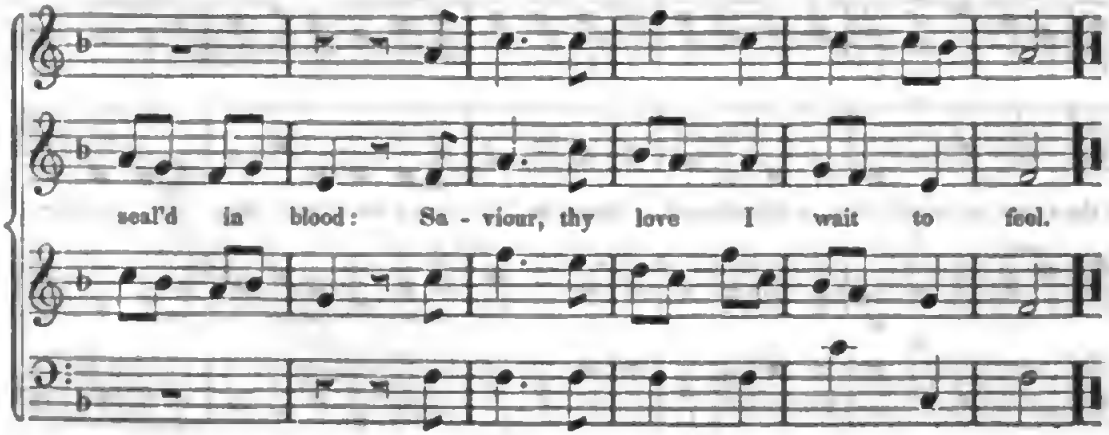

Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows:
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in thee there is;
Without, 'tis misery all, and wo.

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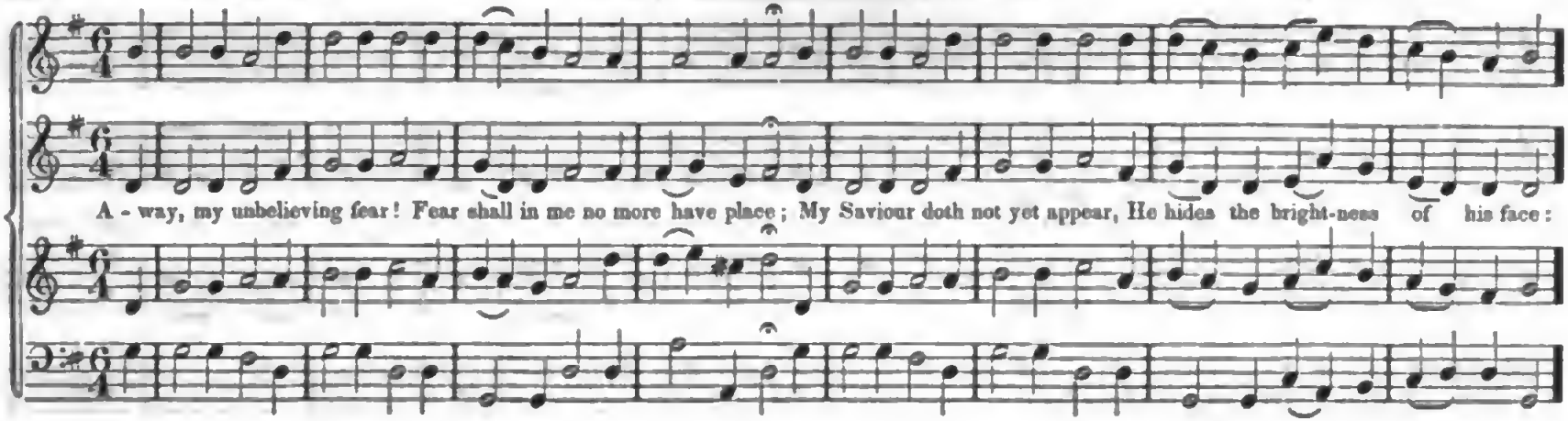

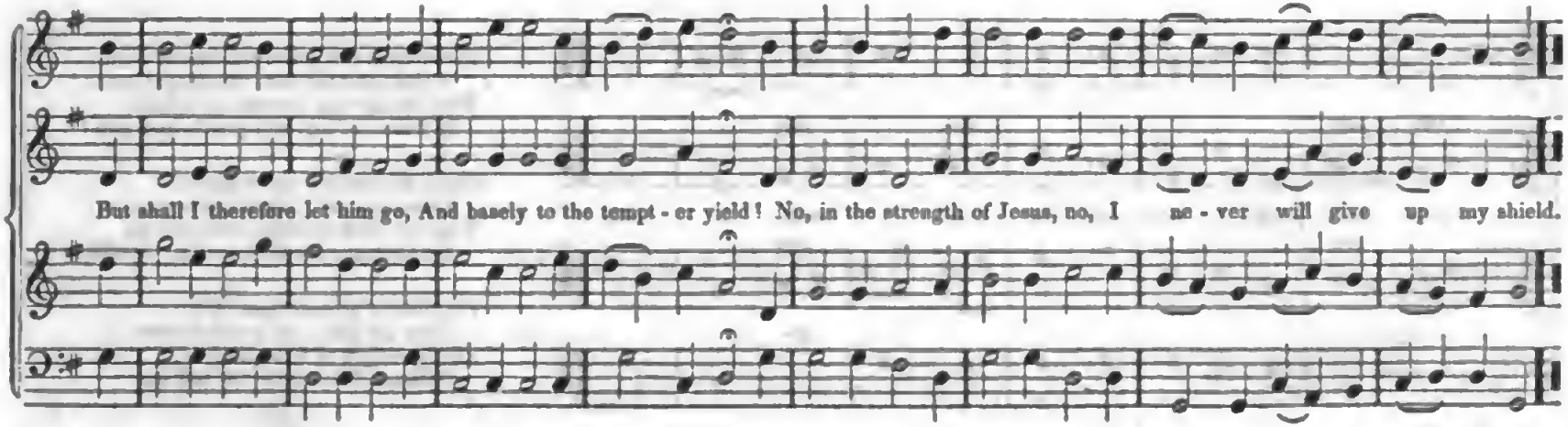

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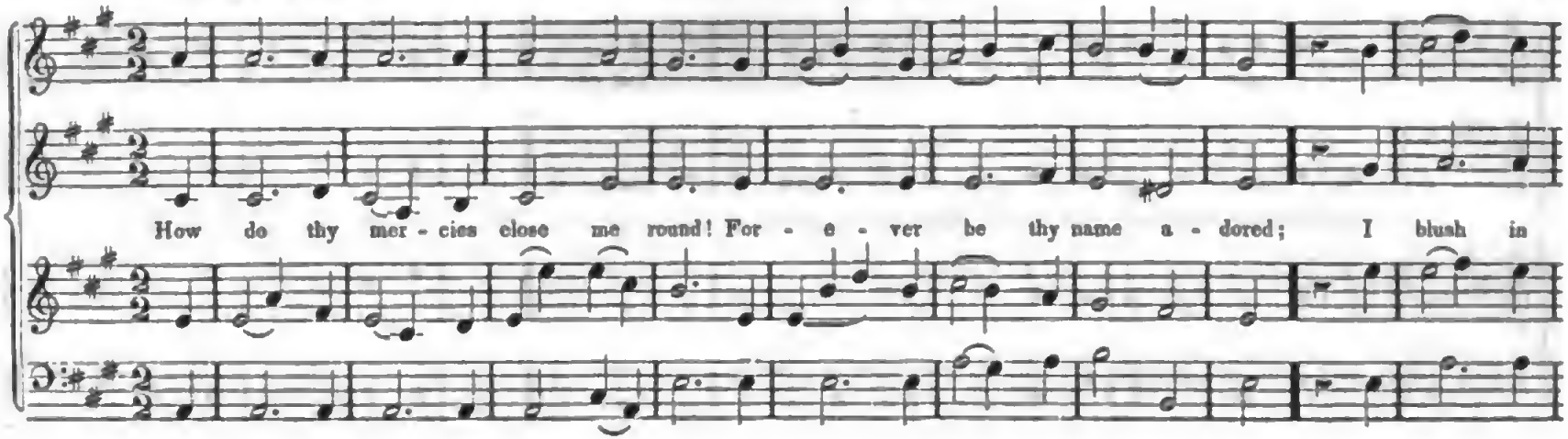

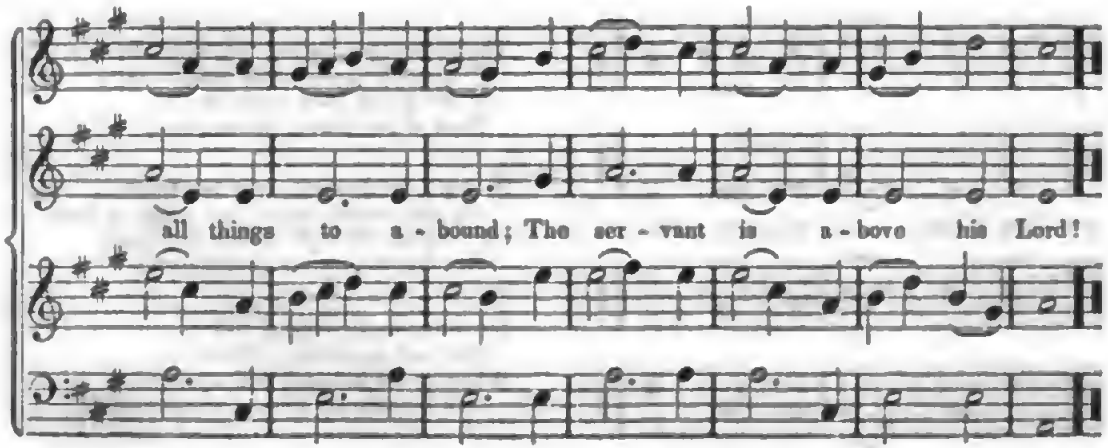

Inured to poverty and pain,
  A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
  He had not where to lay his head.

But lo! a place he hath prepared
  For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
  He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

Jesus protects; my fears begone:
  What can the Rock of Ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
  Thy everlasting arms of love.

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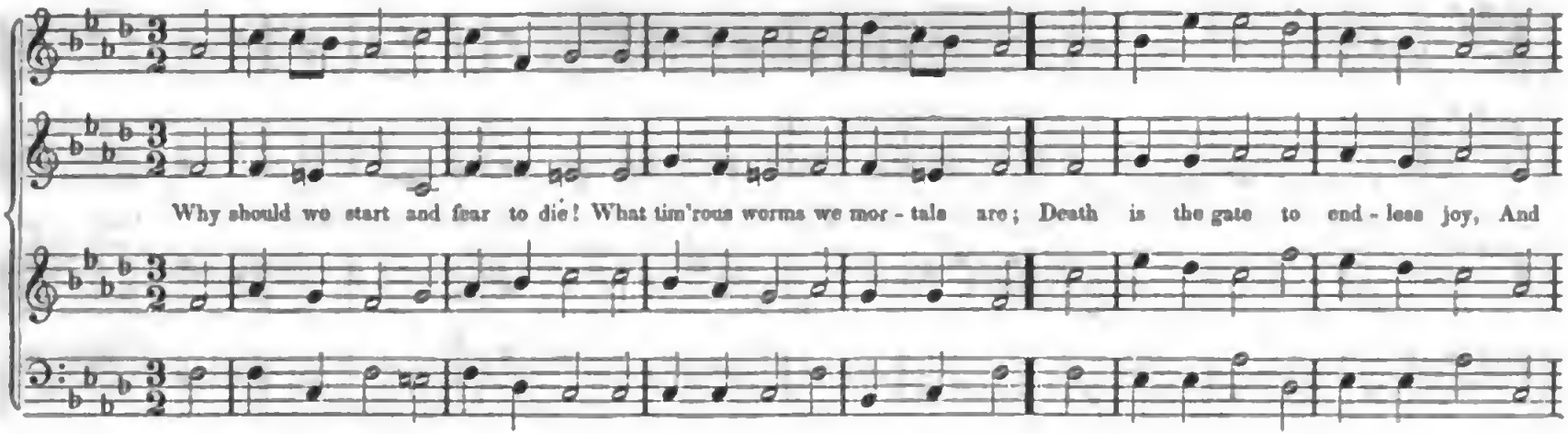

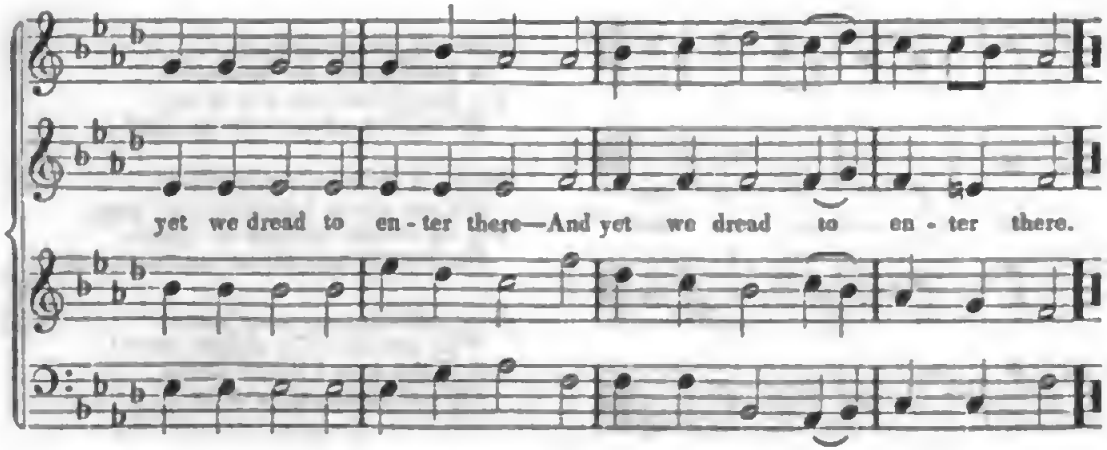

The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

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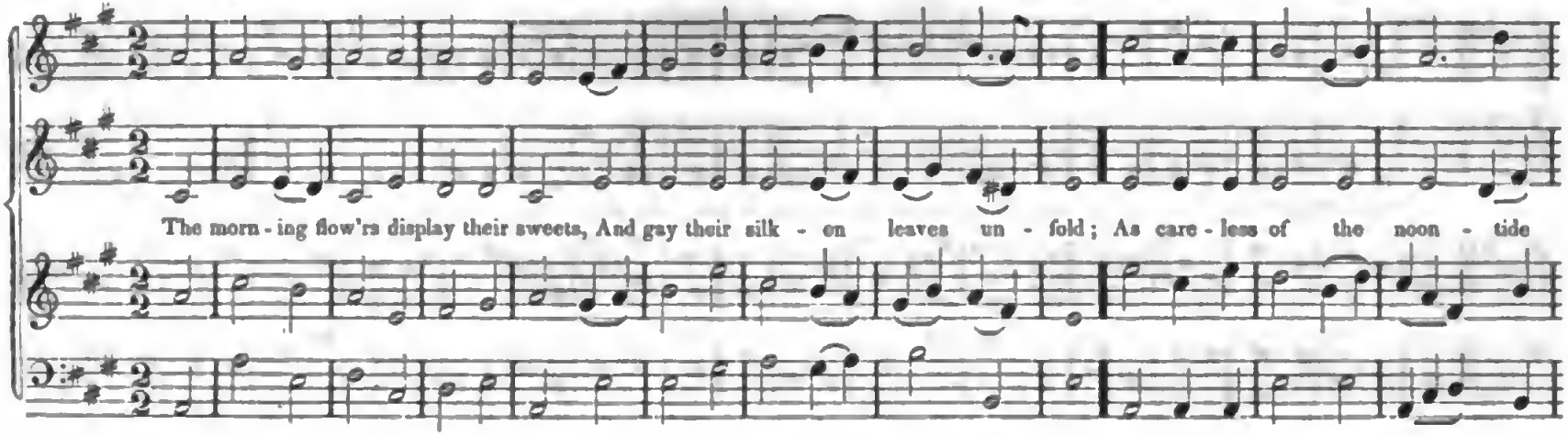

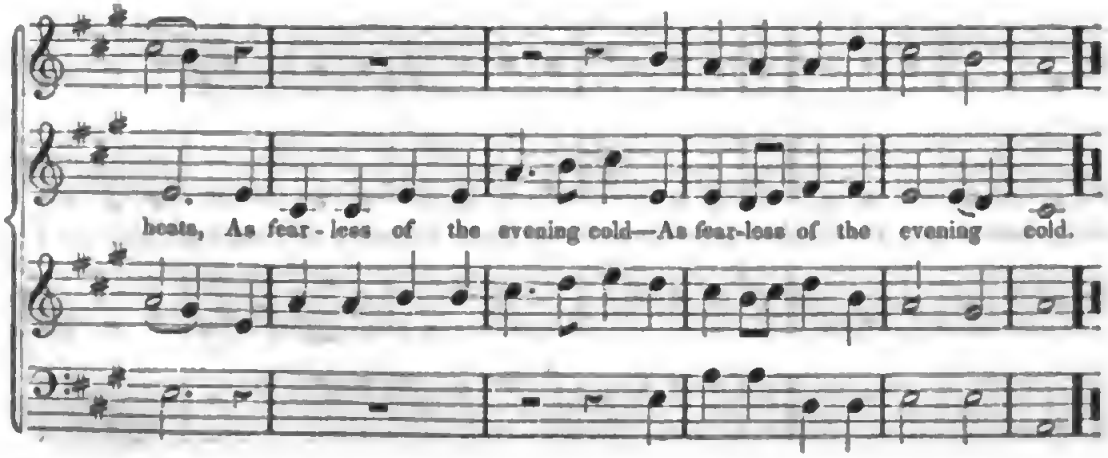

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
  Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
  The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
  When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
  And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
  Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
  The short-lived beauties die away.

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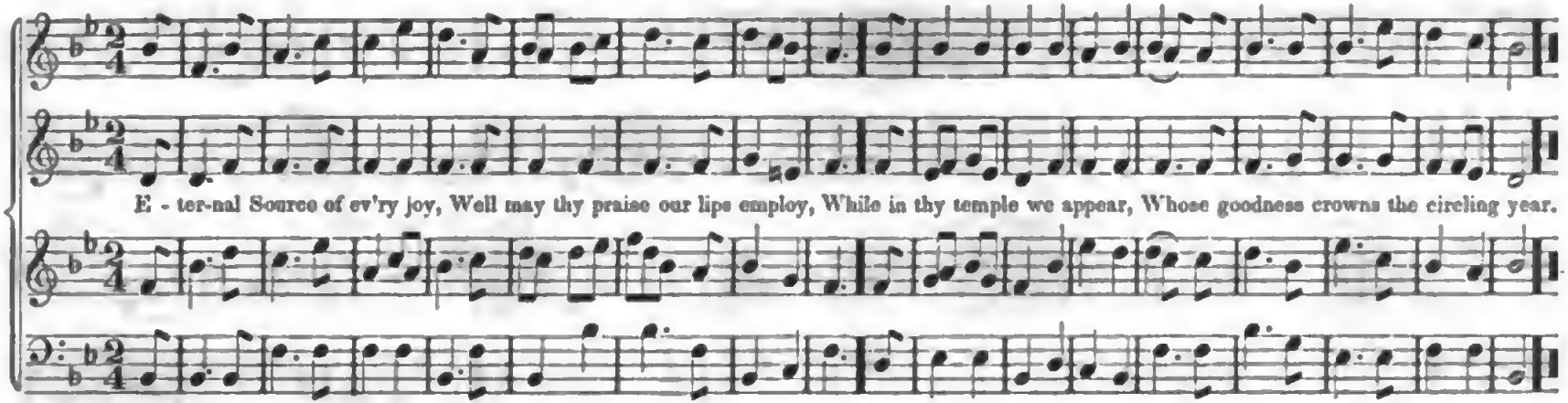
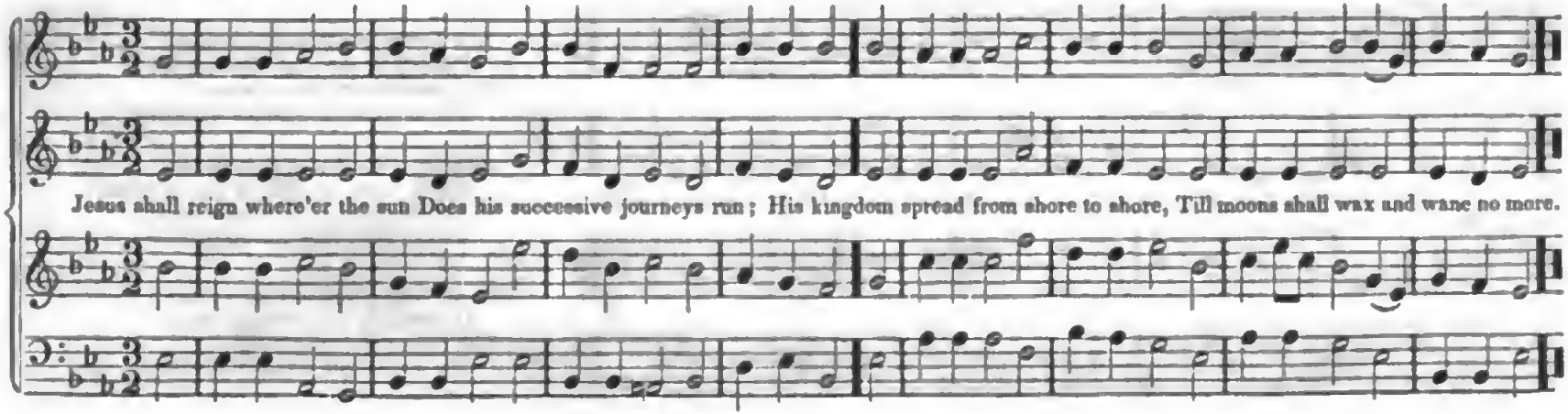
Hymn 661. ALGONQUIN. L. M.



Hymn 479. WETAMOE. L. M.



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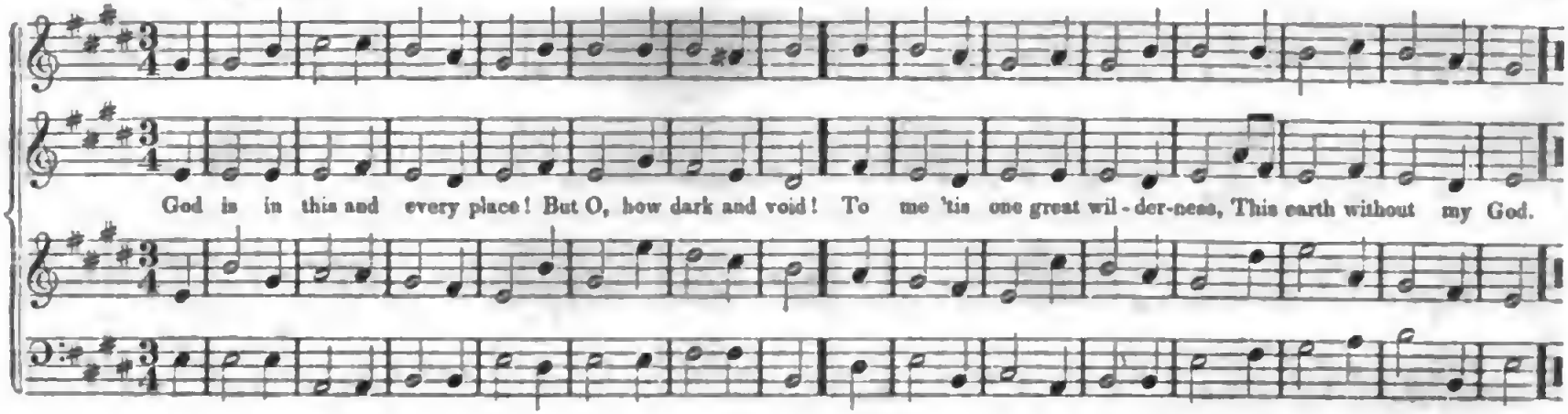
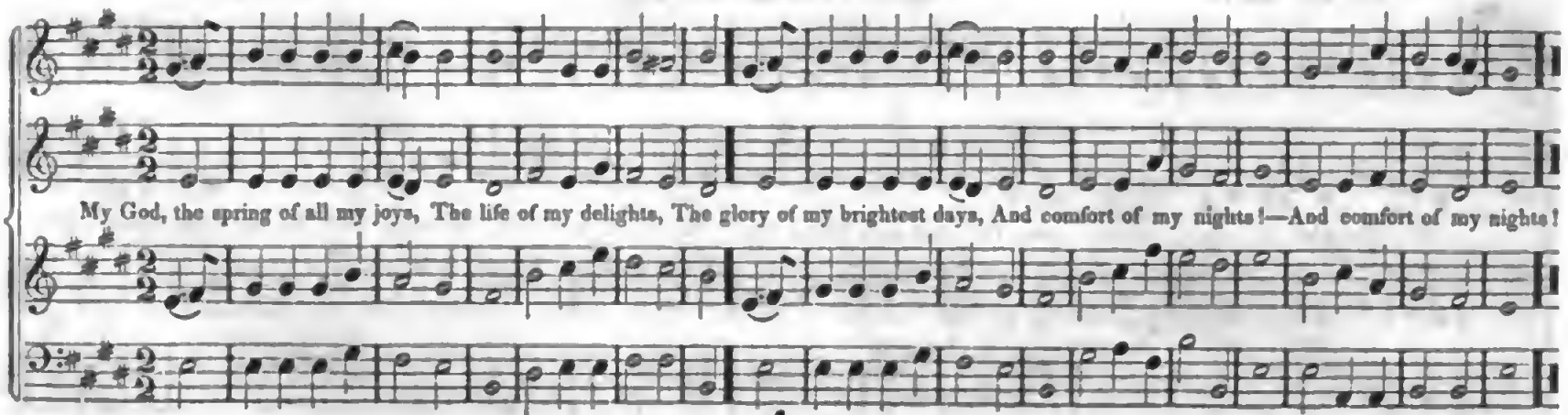
HYMN 46. MOHEGAN. C. M.



HYMN 261. MOHAWK. C. M.



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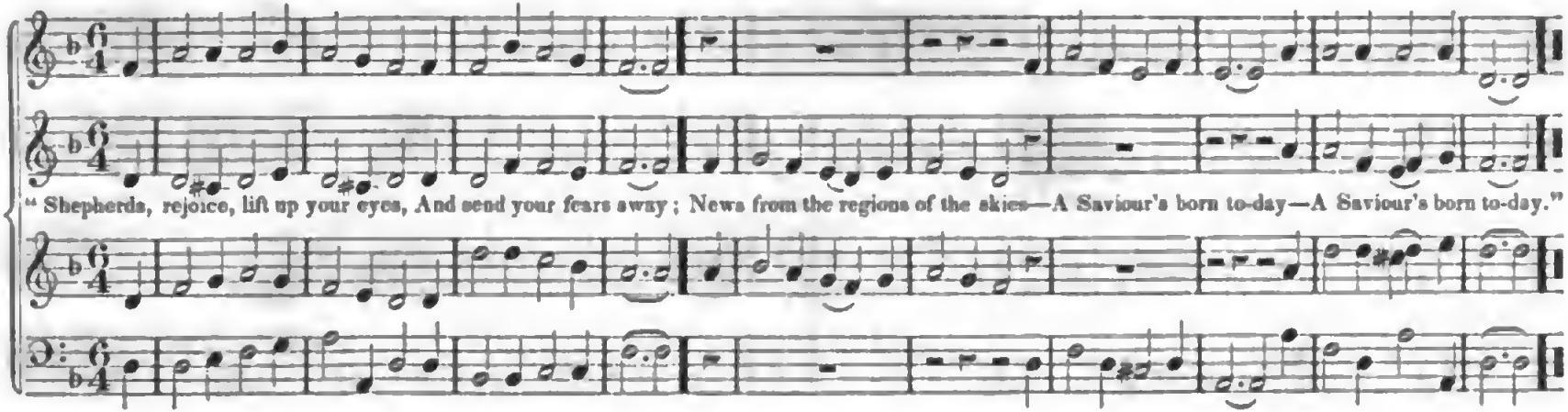
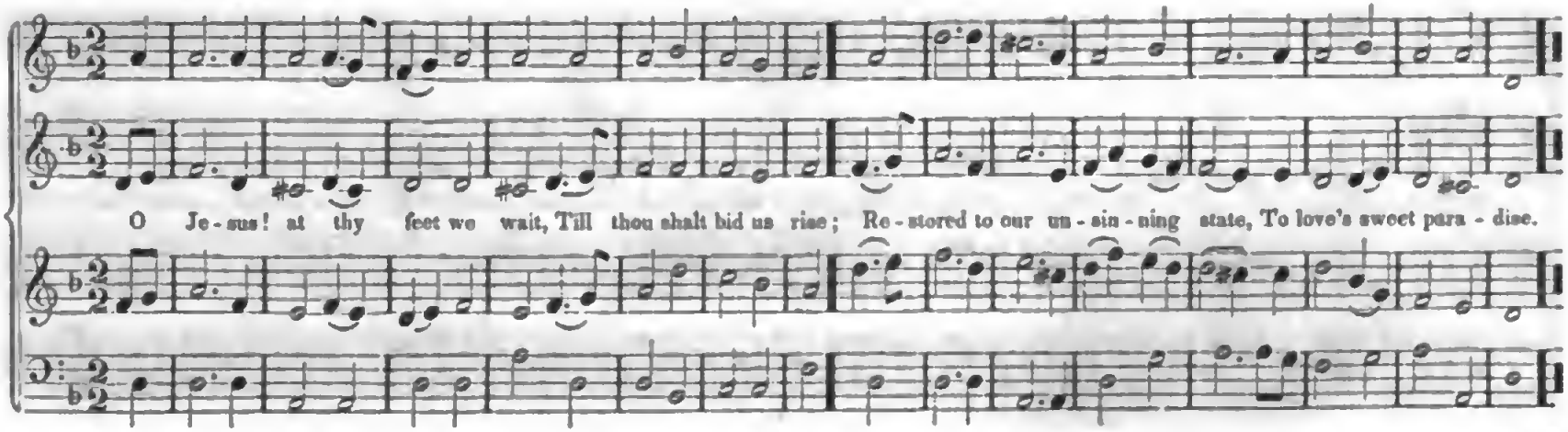
HYMN 488. UNCAS. C. M.



HYMN 343. GROTON. C. M.



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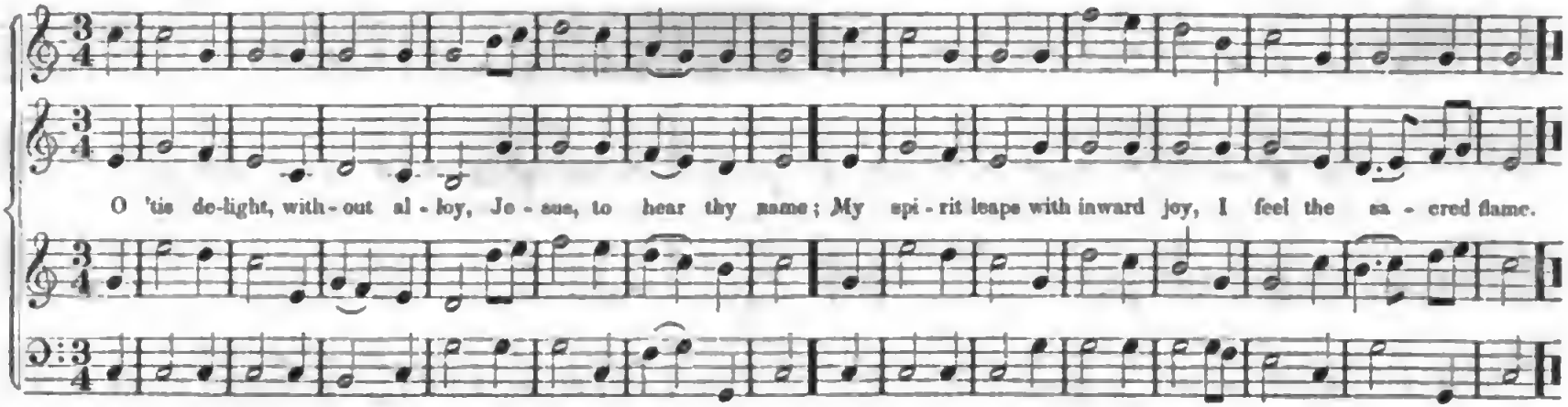
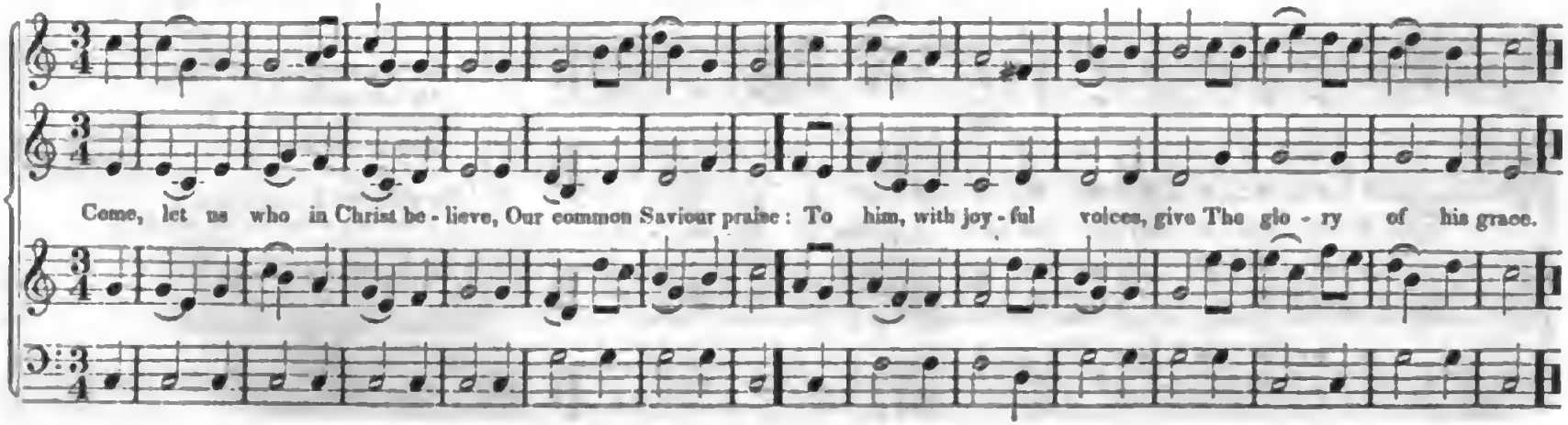
HYMN 295. CHIPPEWAY. C. M.



HYNN 239. CHEROKEE. C. M.



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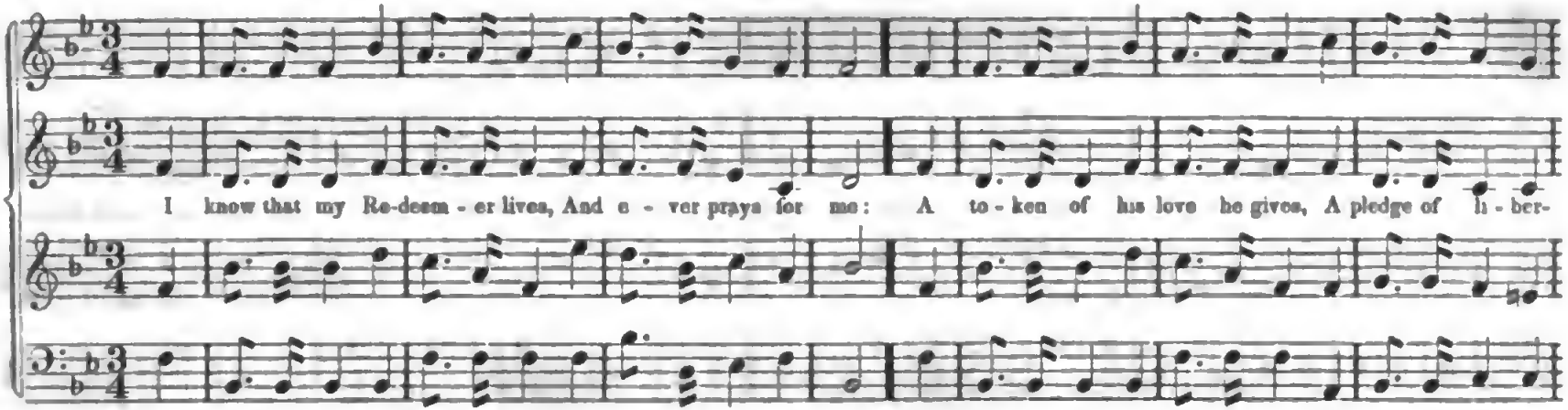

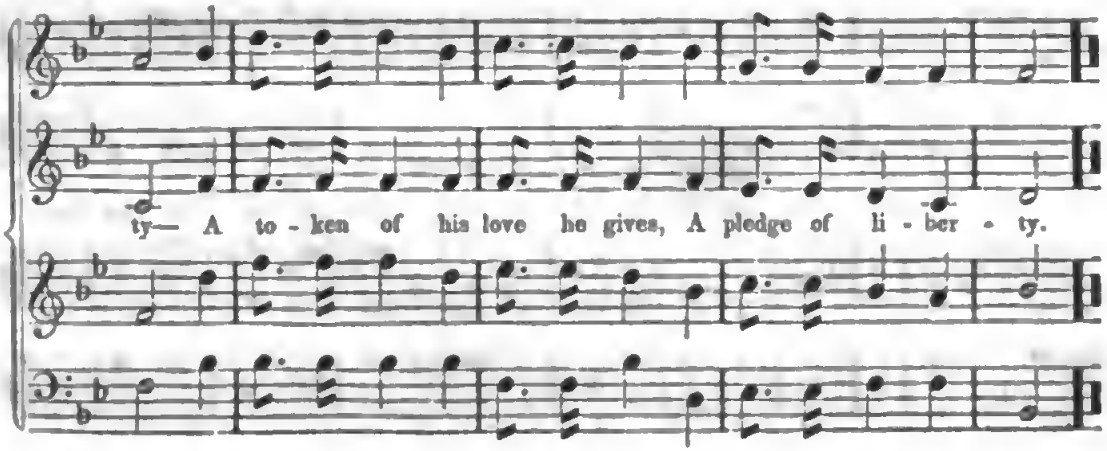

I find him lifting up my head,
  He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
  And he will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be!
  What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
  He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
  I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
  And to thyself receive.

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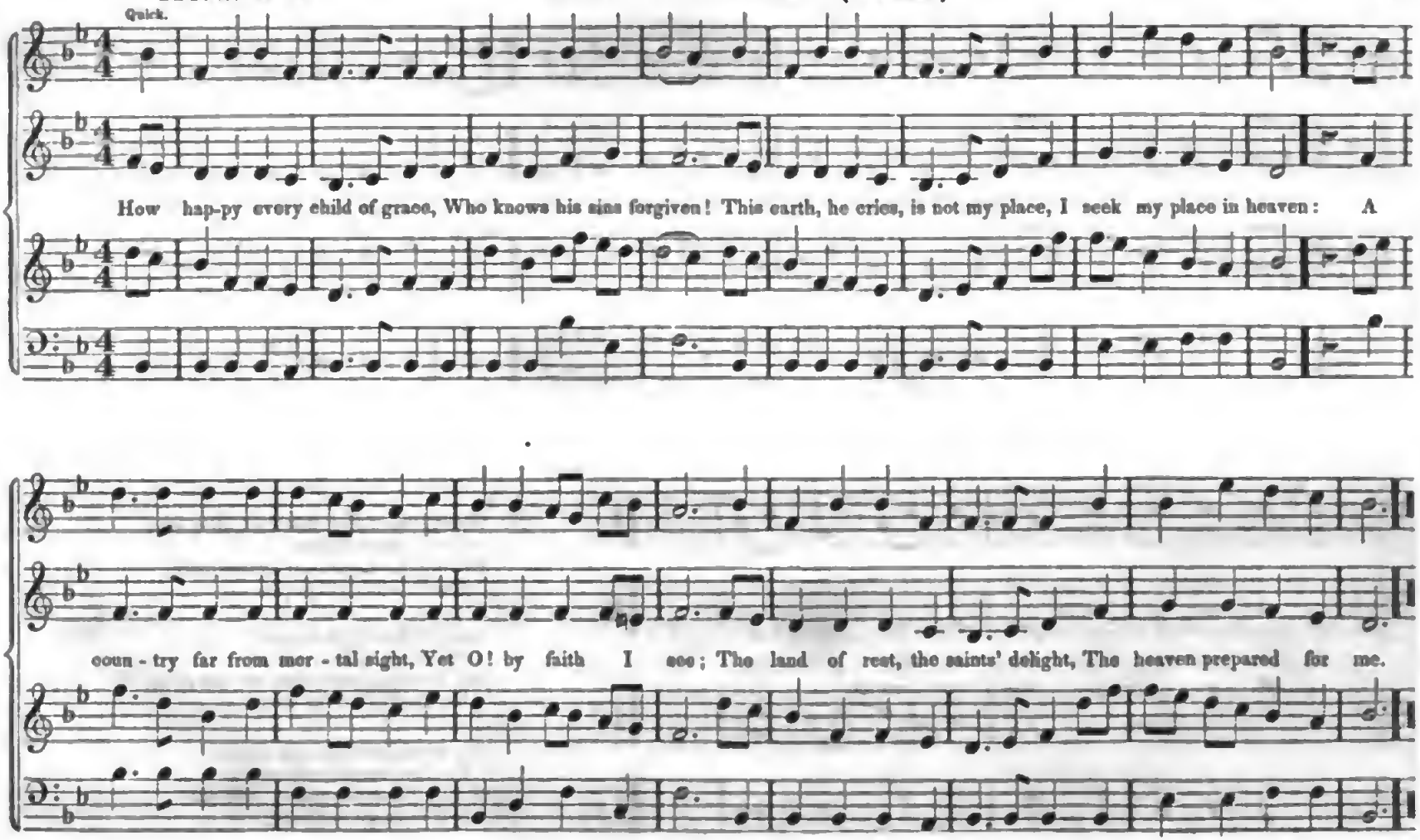

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Quick.

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thou - sand are their tongues, But

all their joys are one— But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

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Hymn 1. ANNAWON. C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!

Hymn 377. WYANDOT. C. M.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys; Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise!

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See Israel's gen - tle Shepherd stand, With all-en - gag - ing charms: Hark how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!—Hark how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

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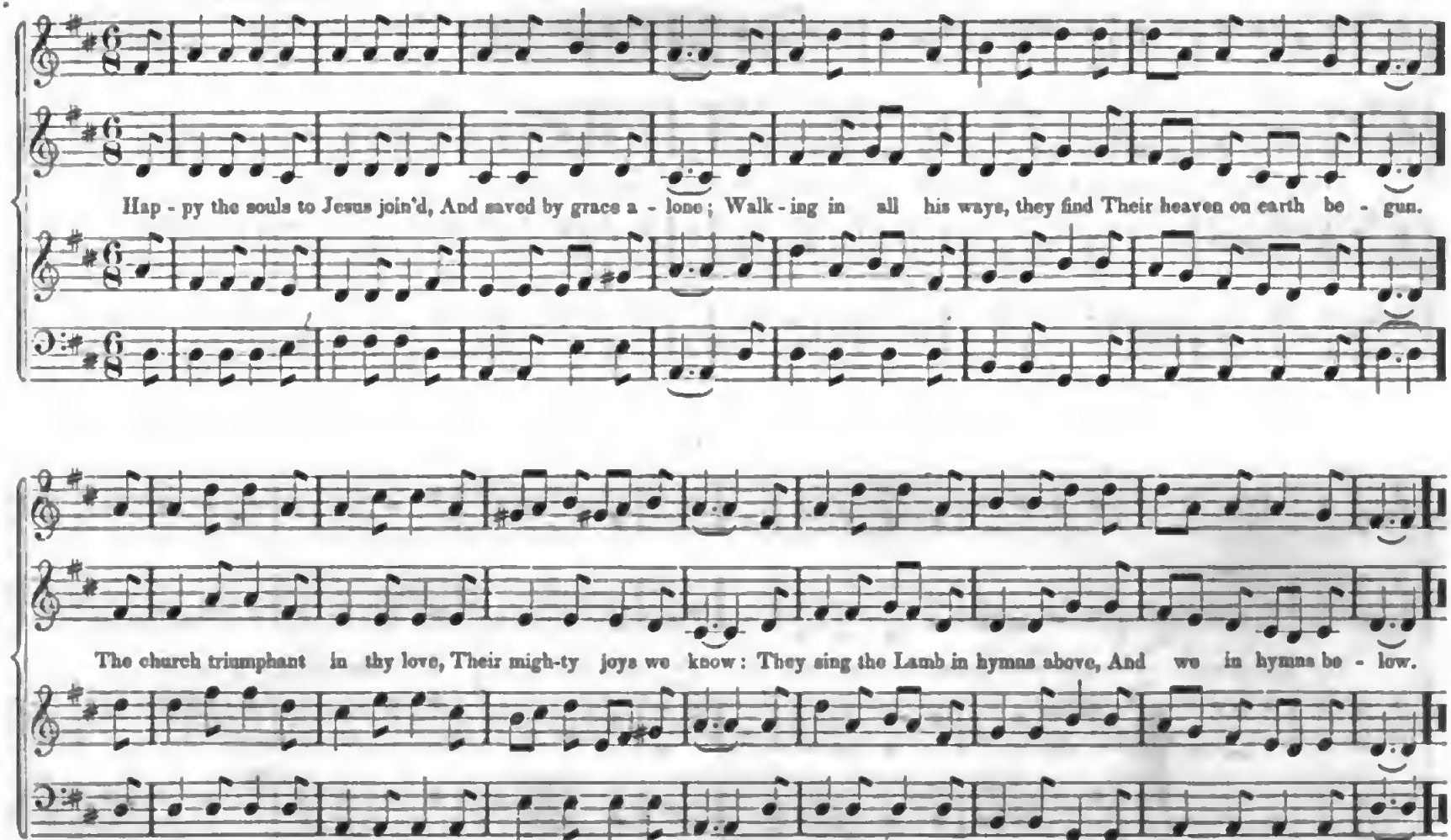

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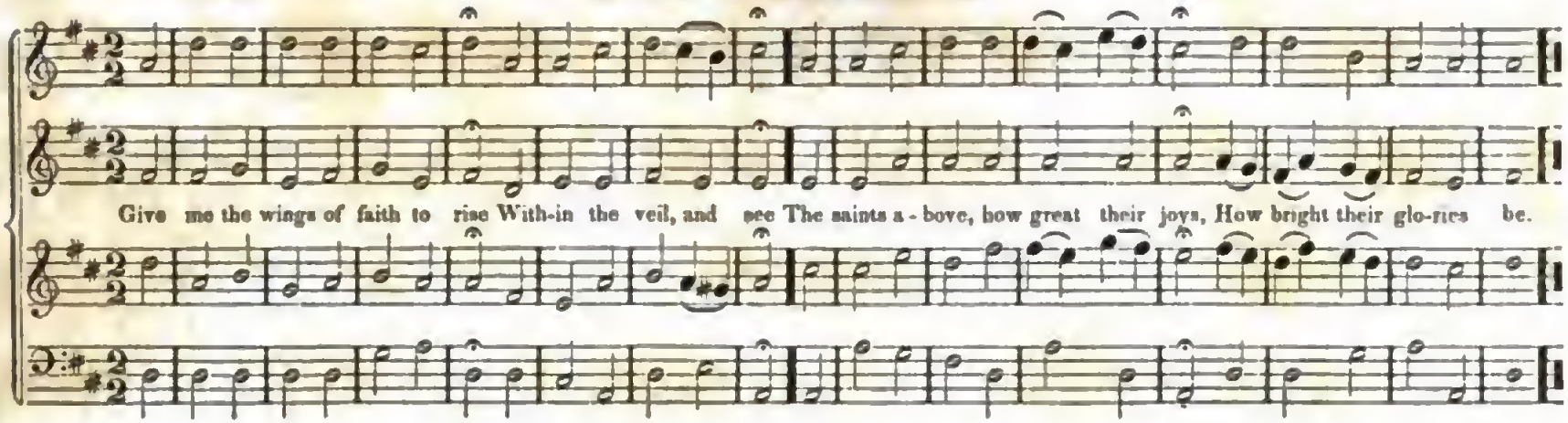
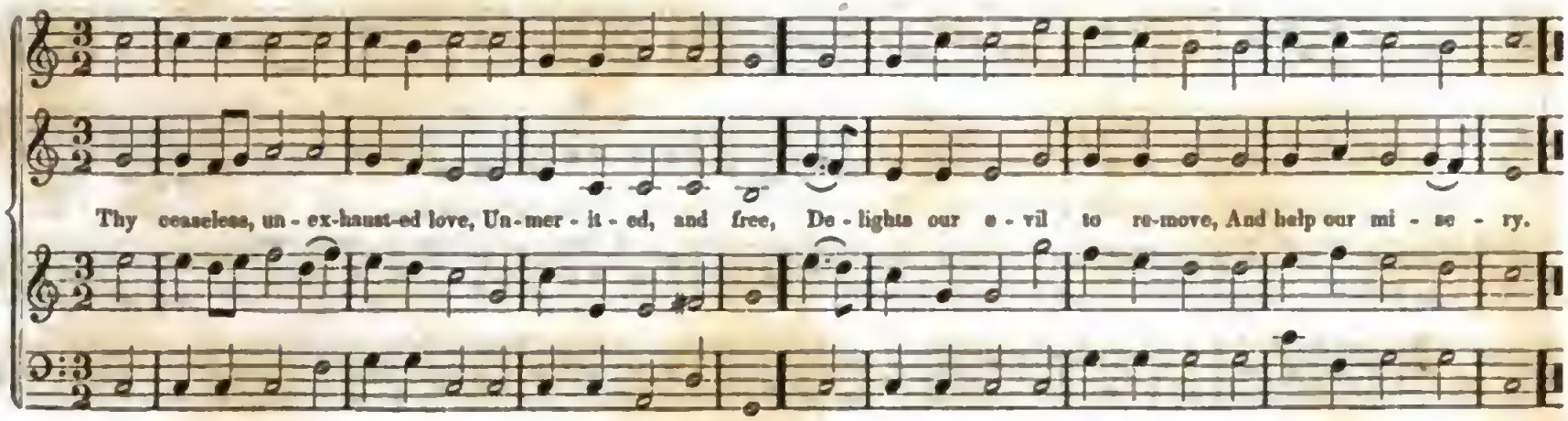
HYMN 671. ASSAWOMSET. C. M.



HYMN 258. SECONET. C. M.



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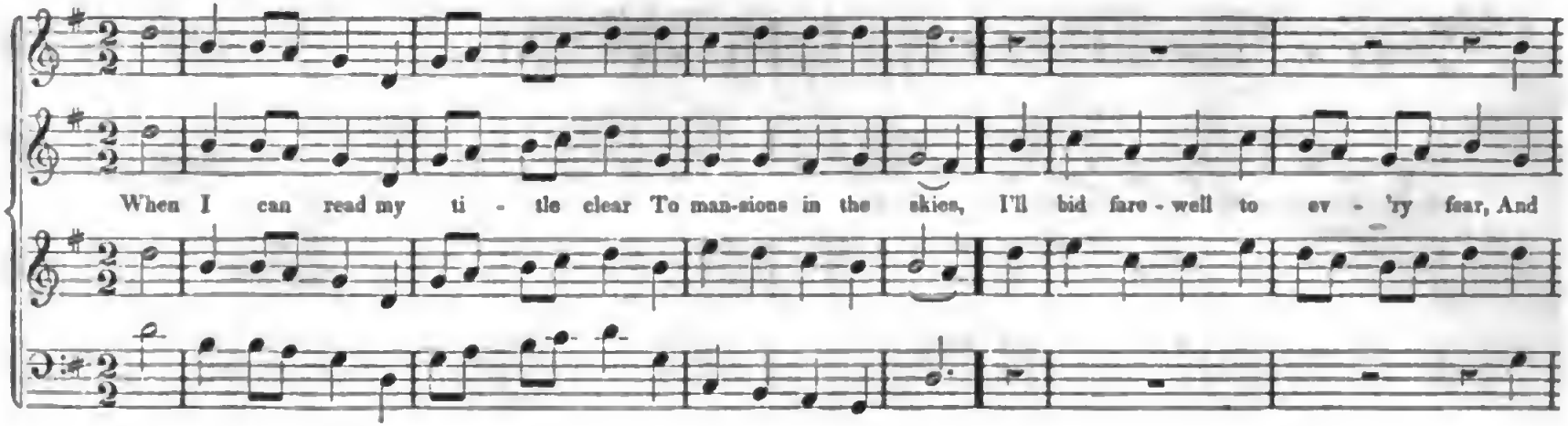

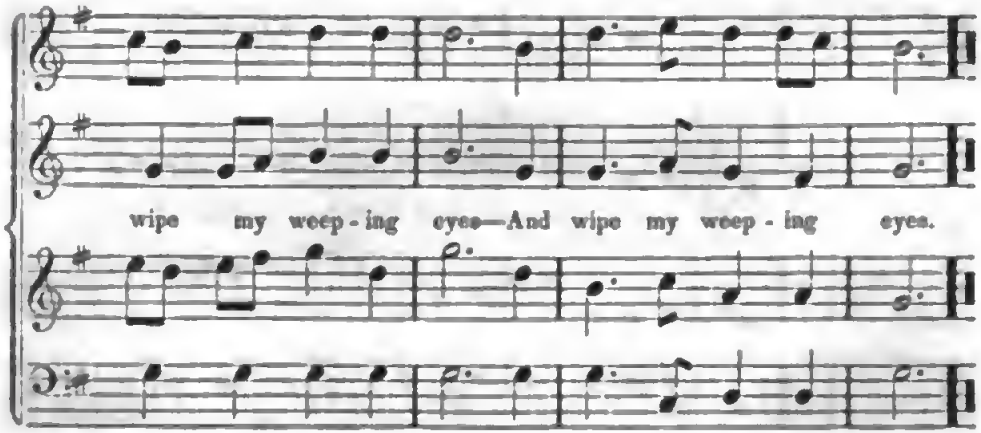

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

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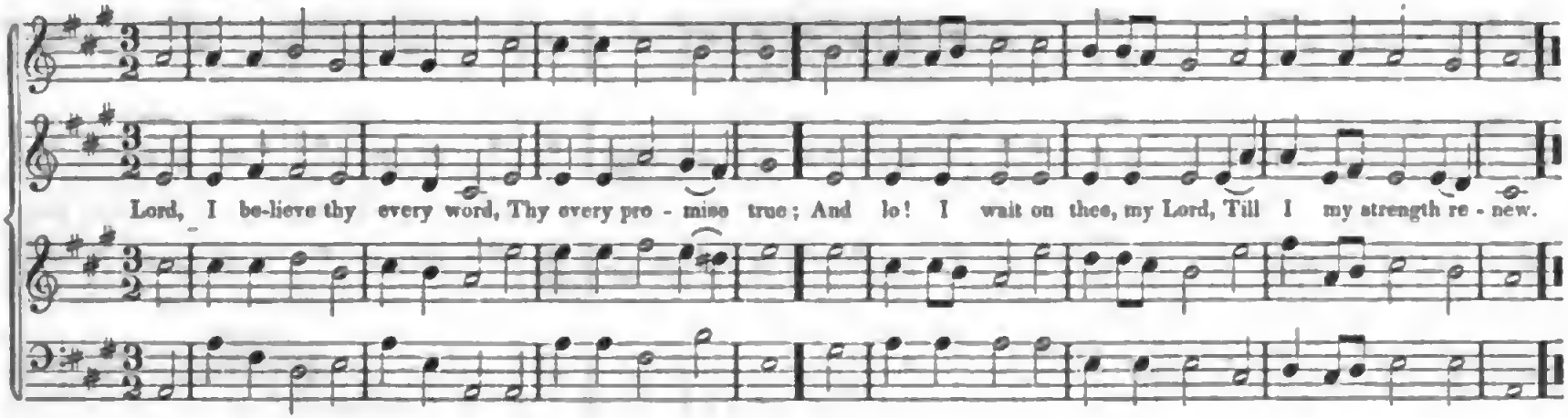
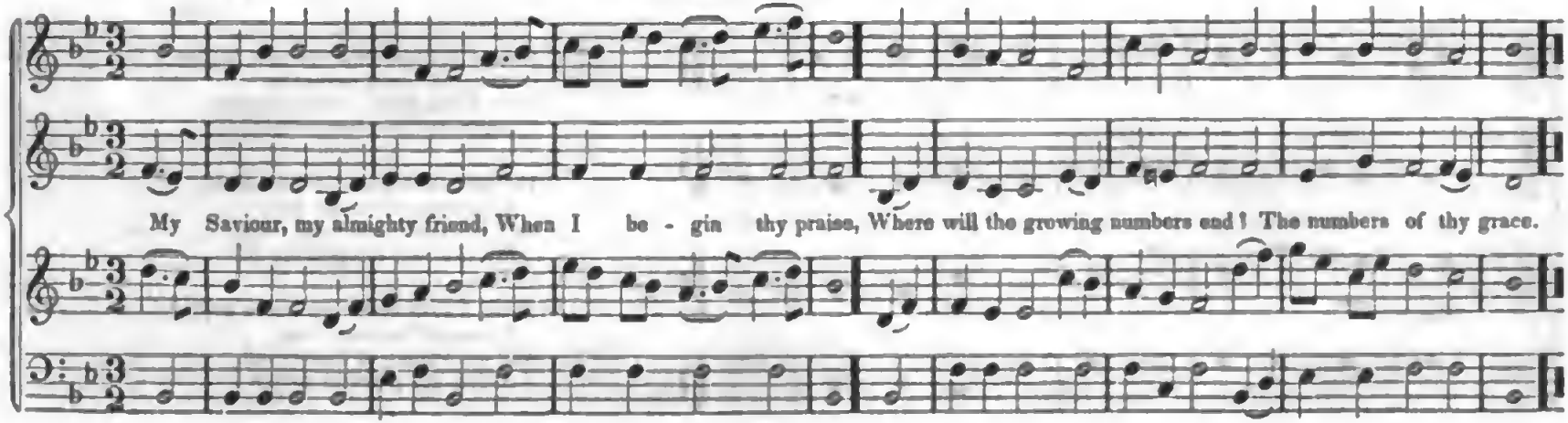
Hymn 309. SAC. C. M.



Hymn 271. POKANOKET. C. M.



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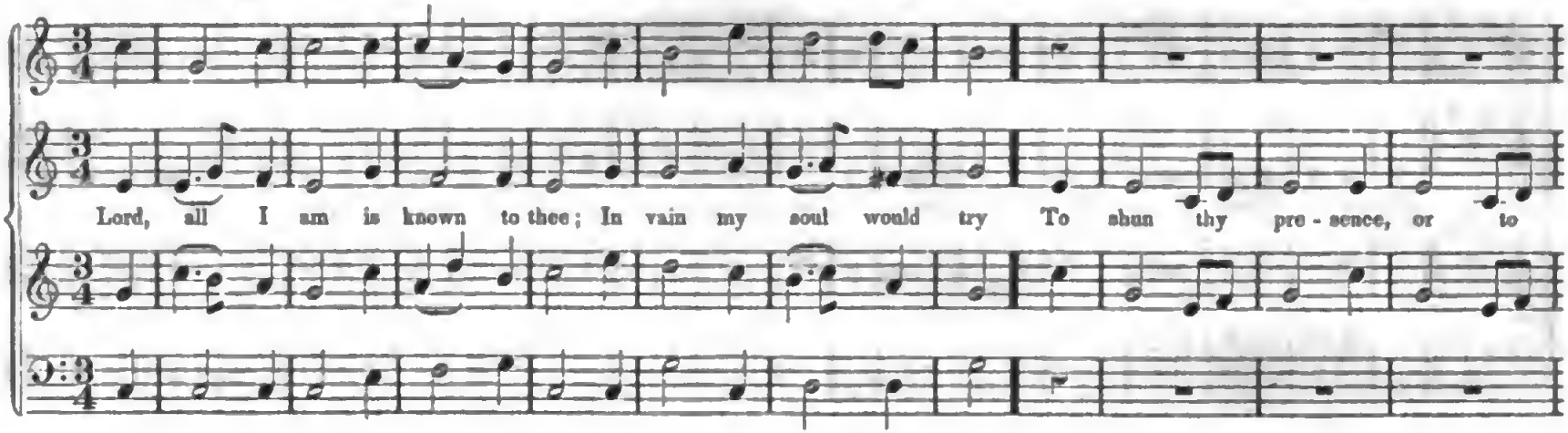

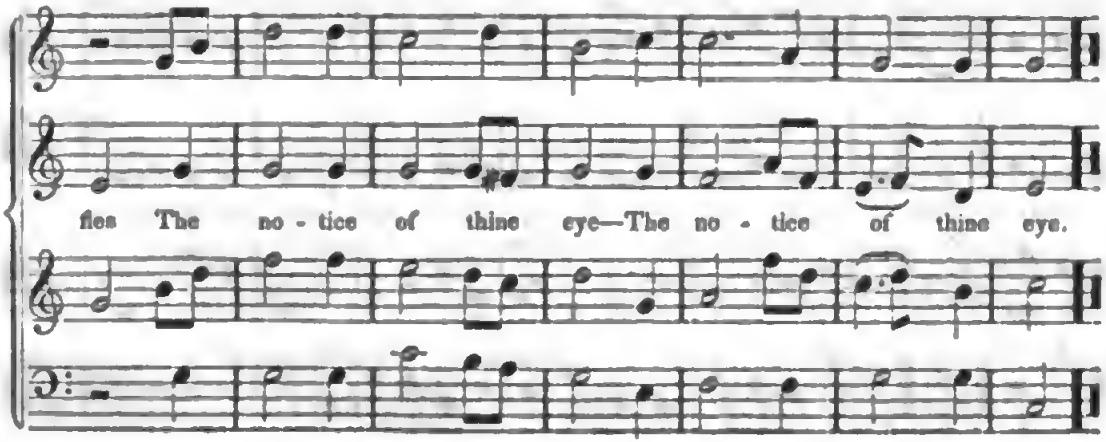

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

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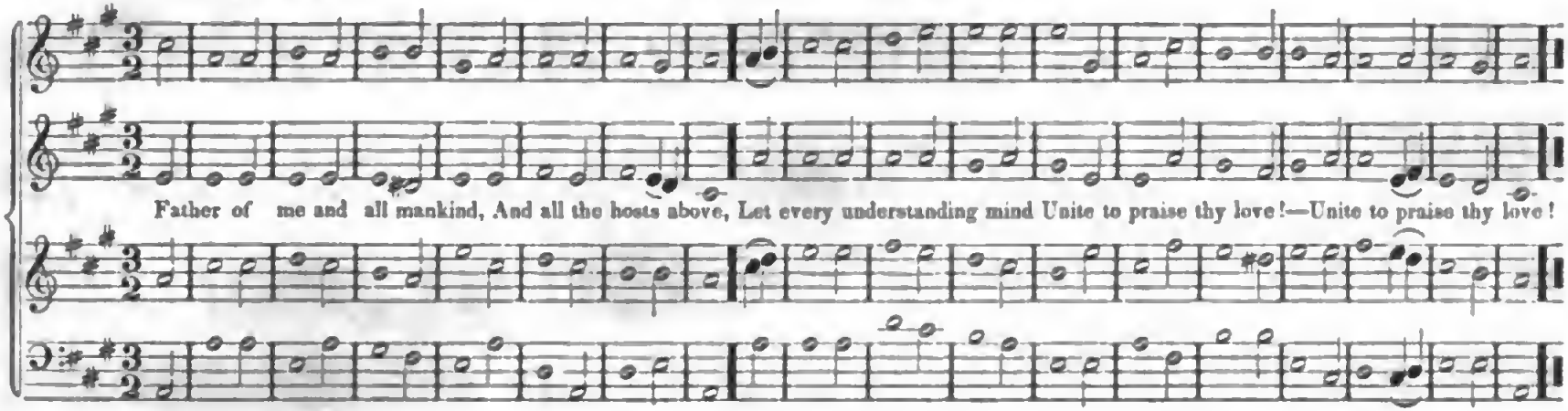
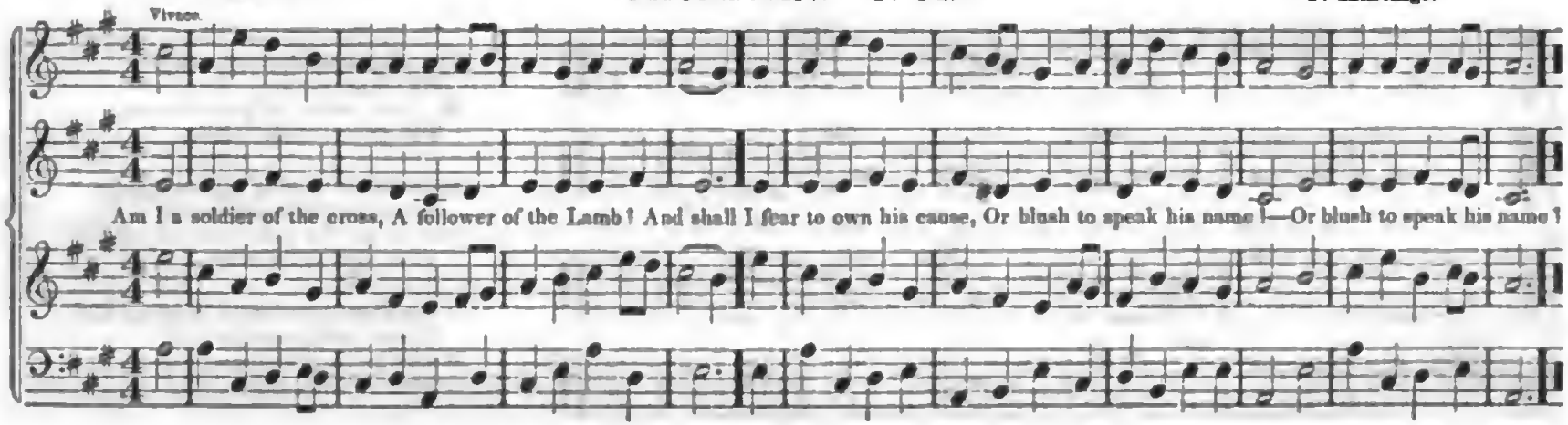
Hymn 484. WAUPUN. C. M.



Hymn 607. MICHIGAN. C. M.

T. Hastings.



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OLD INDIAN HYMN. C. M. (Double.)*

Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther be, Glo - ry to God the Son,
Glo - ry to God the Ho - ly Ghost, Glo - ry to God a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - san - na,

My soul doth mag-ni - fy the Lord, My spi - rit doth re - joice
In God my Sa-viour, and my God: I hear a joy - ful voice.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - san - na,

I need not go a - broad for joy, I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turn - ed in - to songs, The Com - fort - er is come.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho - san - na,

Ho - san-na, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ho-san - na, Ho - san - na.

Down from above the blessed Dove,
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love,
This is my heavenly feast.

This makes me Abba, Father, cry,
With confidence of soul;
It makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without control.

There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as a crystal stone.

* The Narragansett Indians have a tradition, that the following tune was heard in the air by them, and other tribes bordering on the Atlantic coast, many years before the arrival of the whites in America; and that on their first visiting a church in Plymouth Colony, after the settlement of that place by the whites, the same tune was sung while performing divine service, and the Indians knew it as well as the whites. The tune therefore is preserved among them to this day, and is sung to the words here set.

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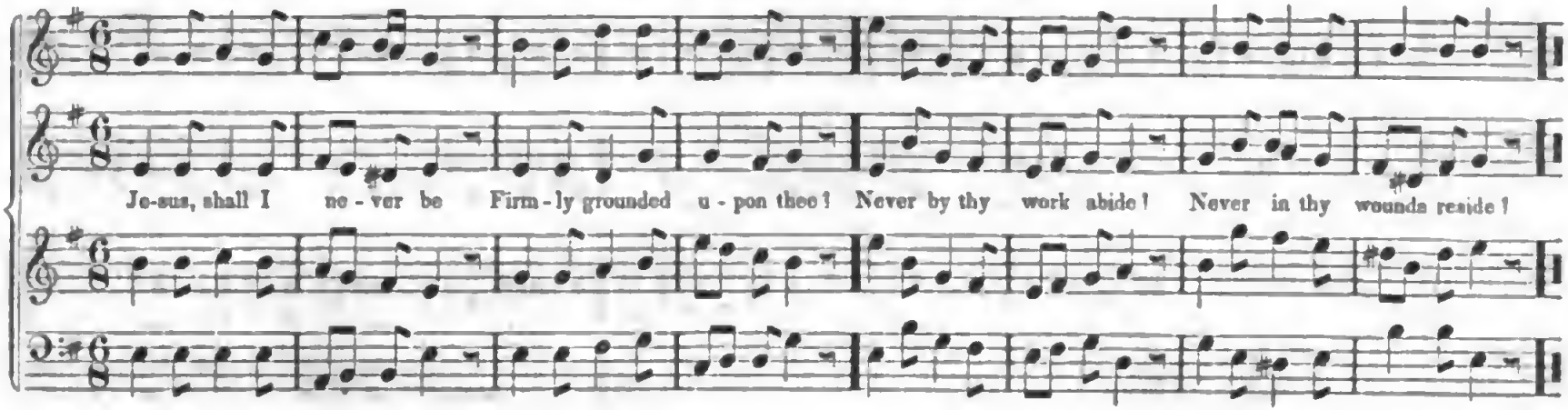
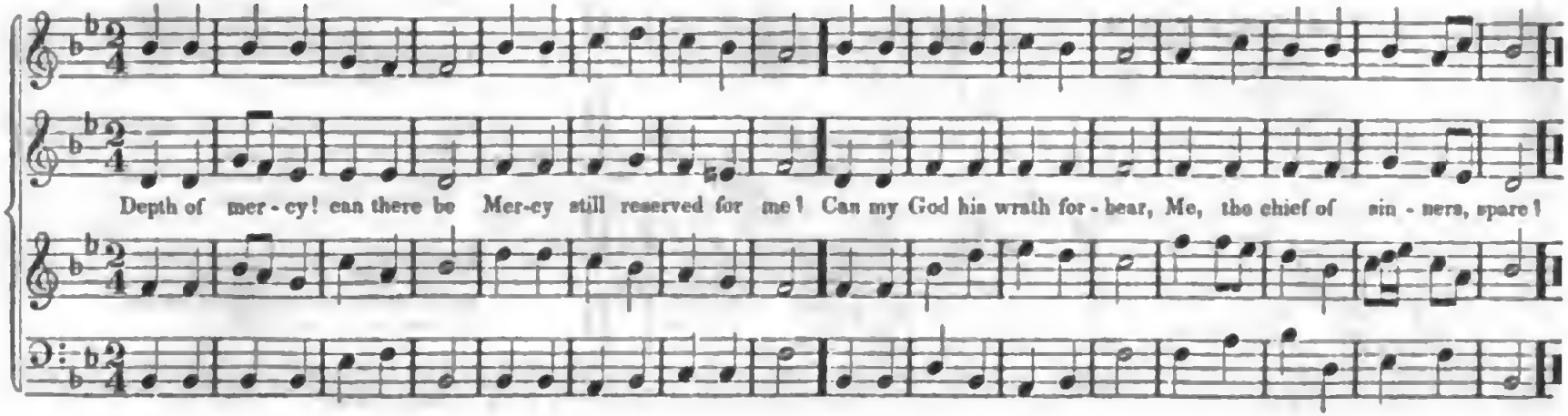
Hymn 596. POCAHONTAS. (4 lines 7's.)



Hymn 92. LITTLE OSAGE. (4 lines 7's.)



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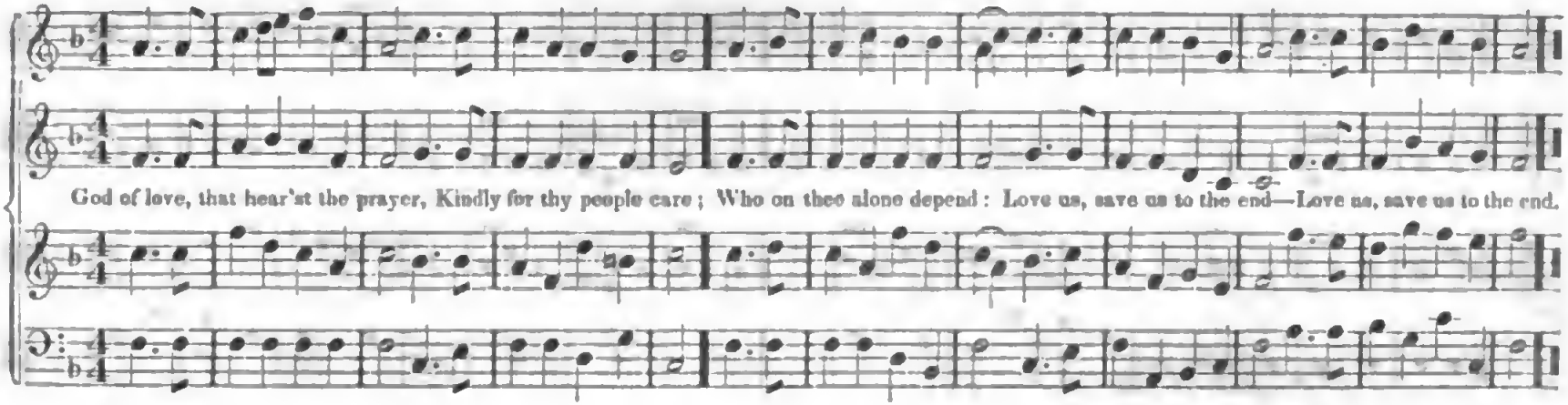
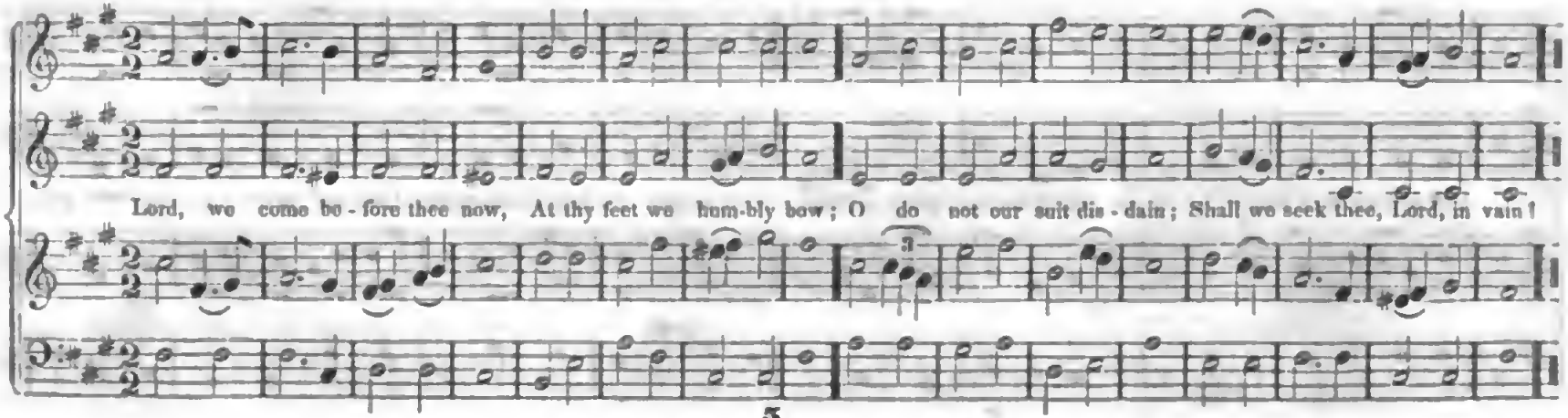
Hymn 439. MAGNUS. (4 lines 7's.)



Hymn 122. MOOANAM. (4 lines 7's.)



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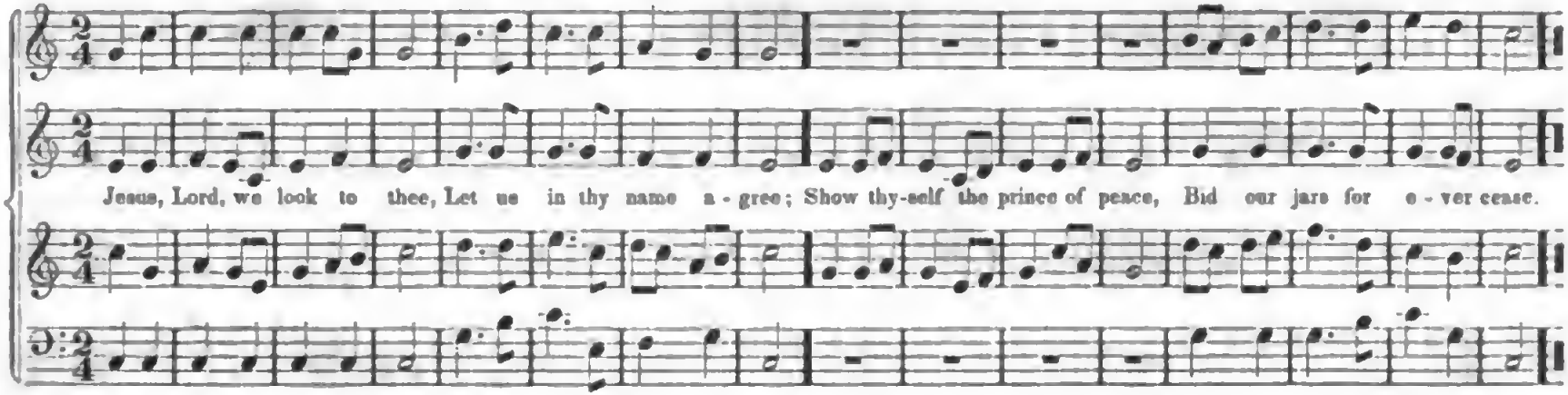
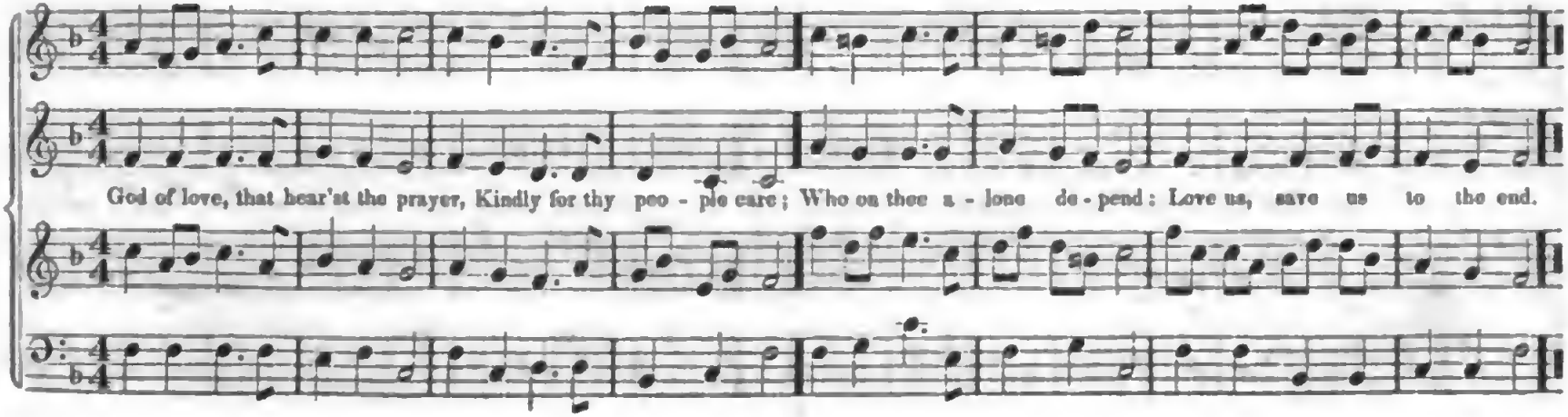
Hymn 419. SCHOHARRIE. (4 lines 7's.)



Hymn 439. PESSICUS. (4 lines 7's.)



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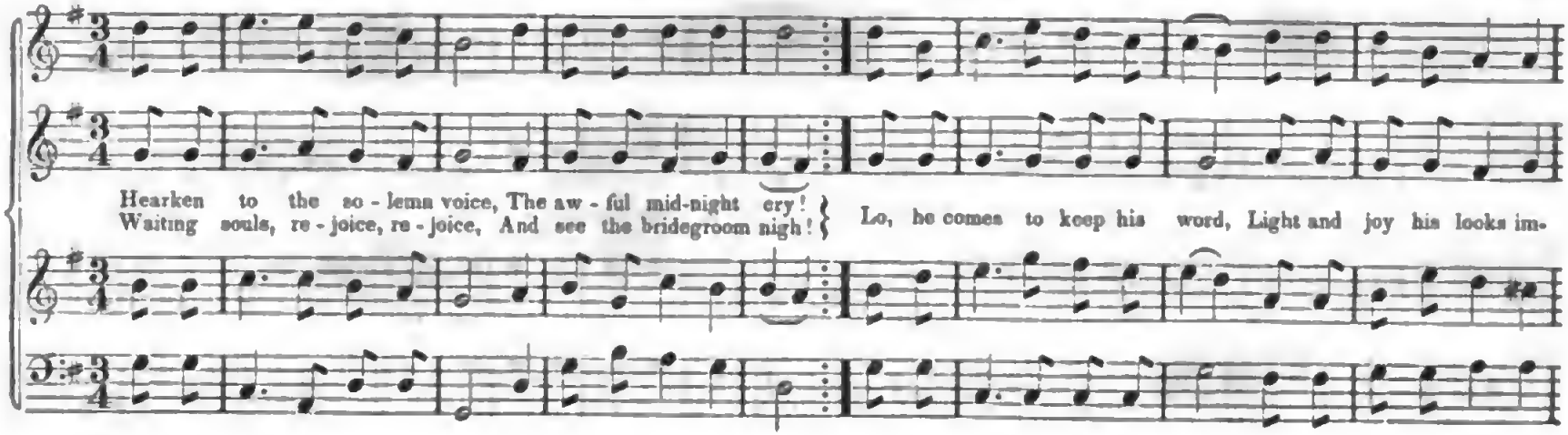

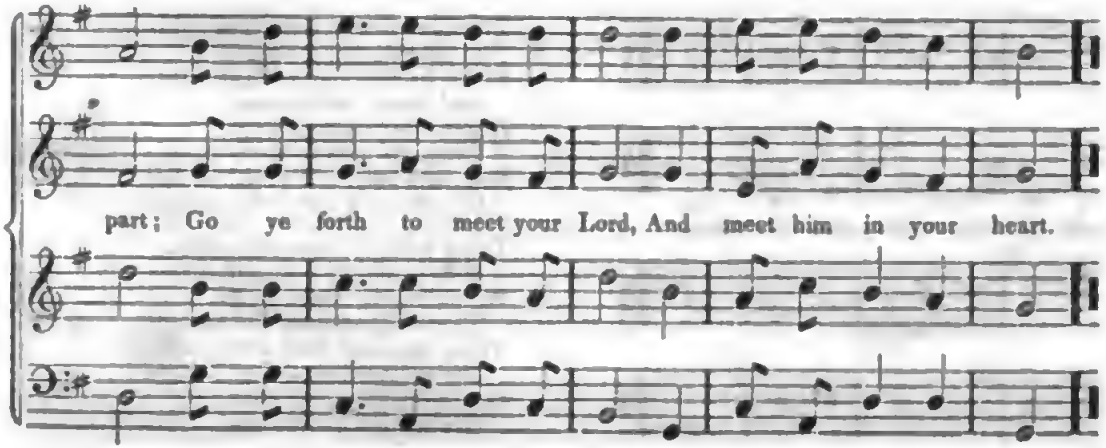

Ye who faint beneath the load
  Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
  He comes, and bids you hope!
In the midnight of your grief,
  Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
  Believe, and feel him here!

Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
  Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
  To walk with him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
  Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
  And perfect you in love.

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Meet and right it is to sing, In ev' - ry time and place,
Glo - ry to our hea - venly King, The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet ac - cord, All in one thanks-giv - ing

join! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine!

Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic three in one;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above;
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

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To the hills I lift mine eyes, The e - ver - last - ing hills; Stream - ing thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spi - rit feels:

Will he not his help afford! Help, while yet I ask is given: God comes down: the God and Lord That made both earth and heaven.

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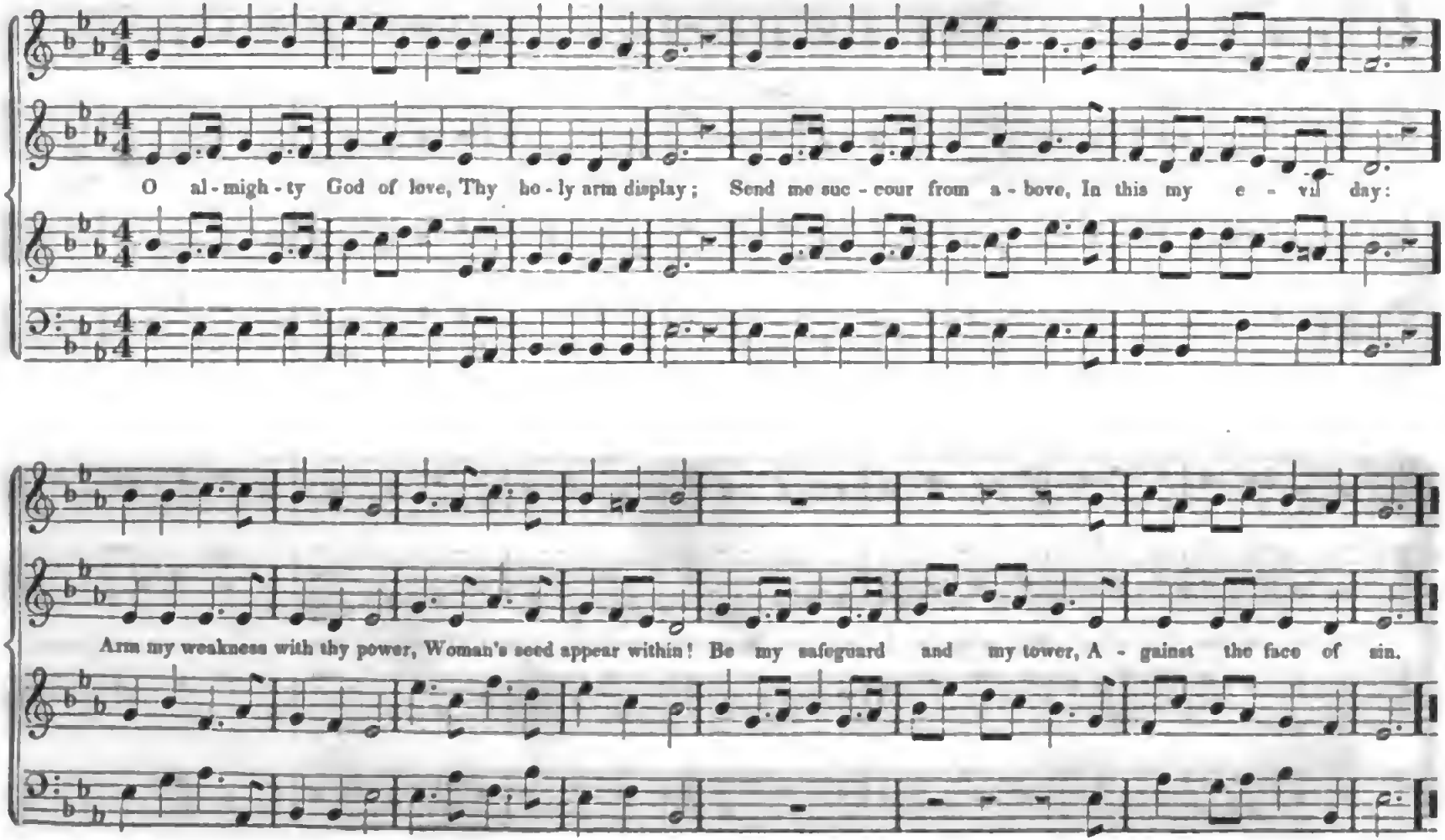

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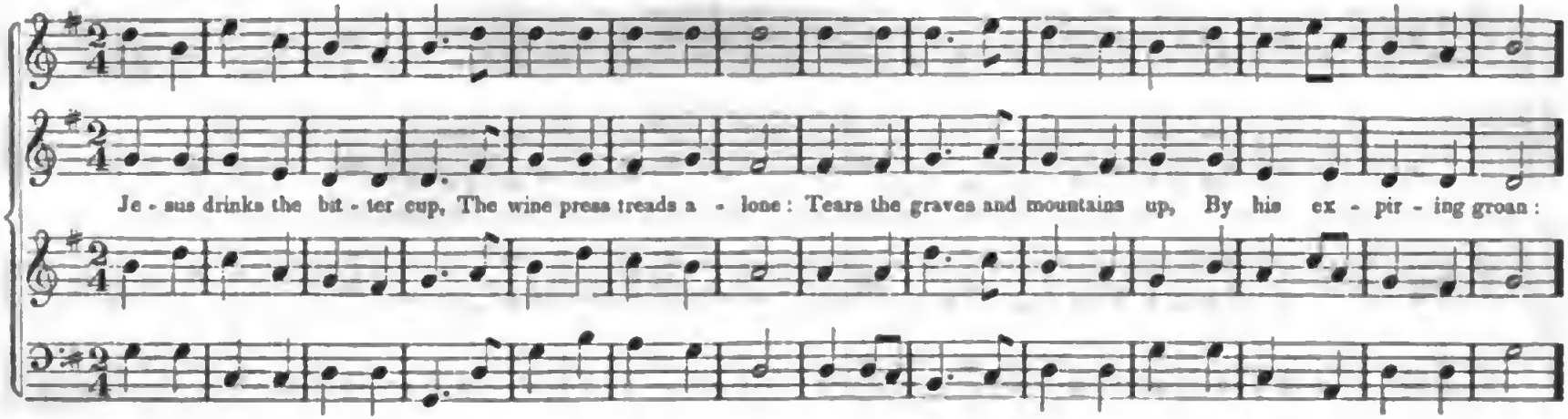

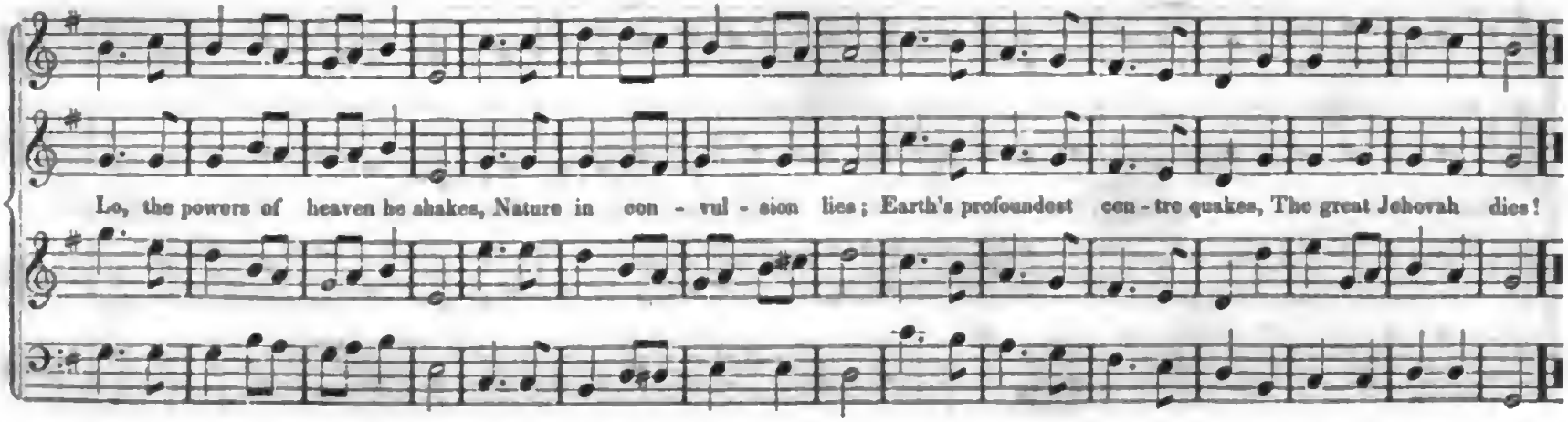

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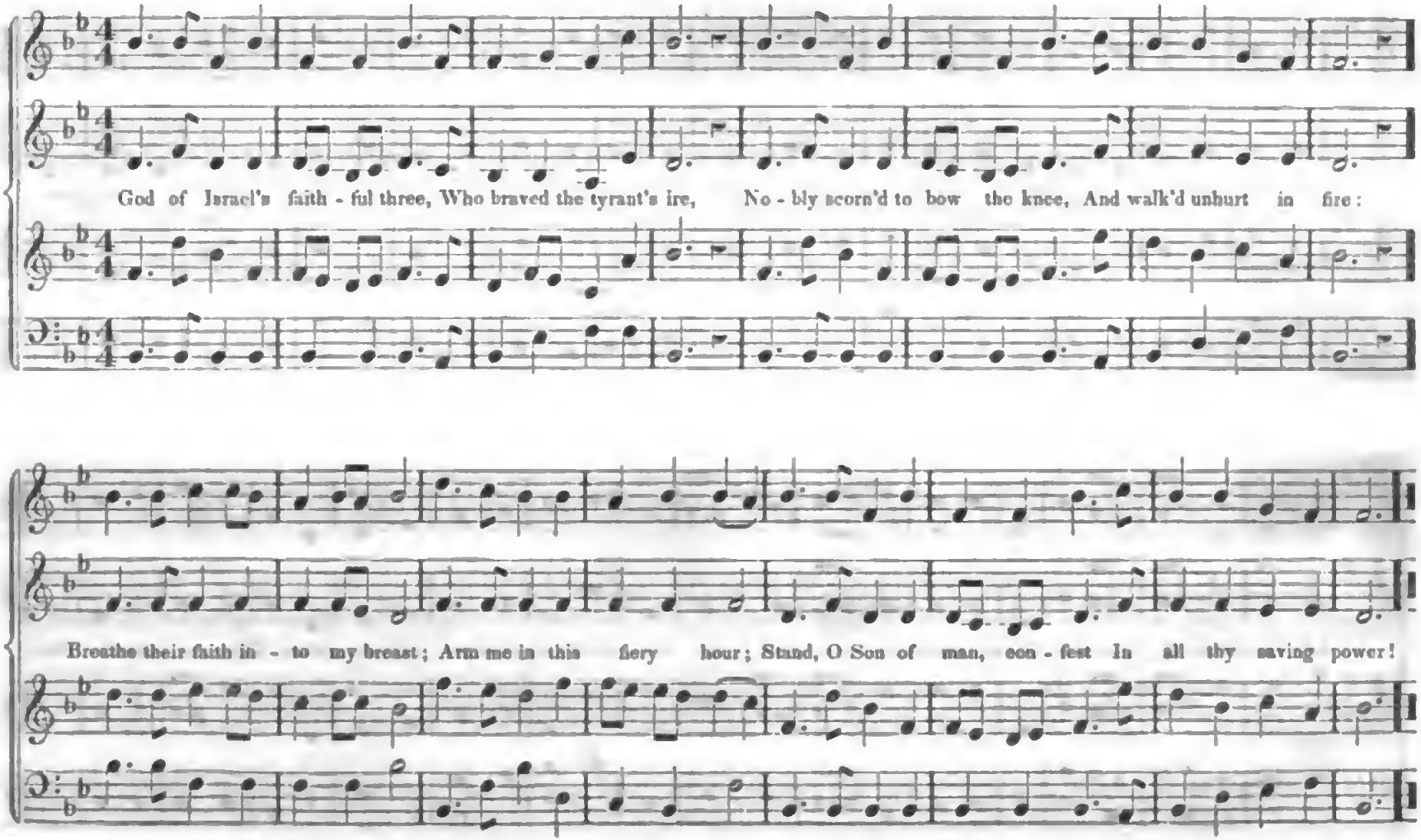

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Ma - ker, Sa-viour of man - kind, Who hast on me be - stow'd
An im - mor - tal soul, de - sign'd To be the house of God:
Come, and now re - side in me, Ne - ver, ne - ver to re-
move; Make me just and good like thee, And full of power and love.

Bid me in thine image rise,
A saint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too;
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest;
Should within thine arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

Let thy will in me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher.
Thee descending on a cloud,
Till with ravish'd eyes I see;
Then shall I be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

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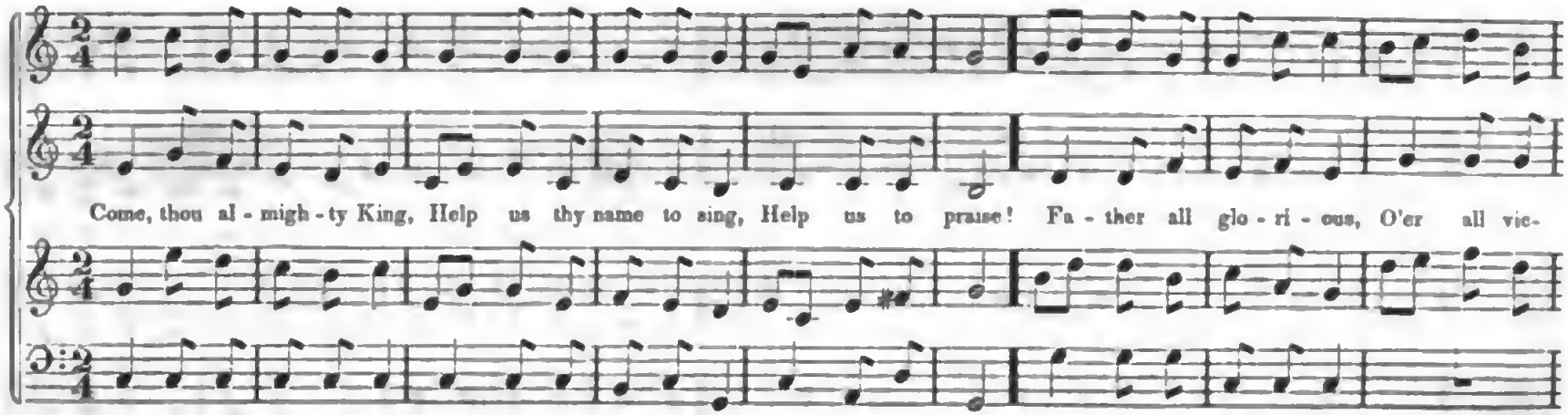

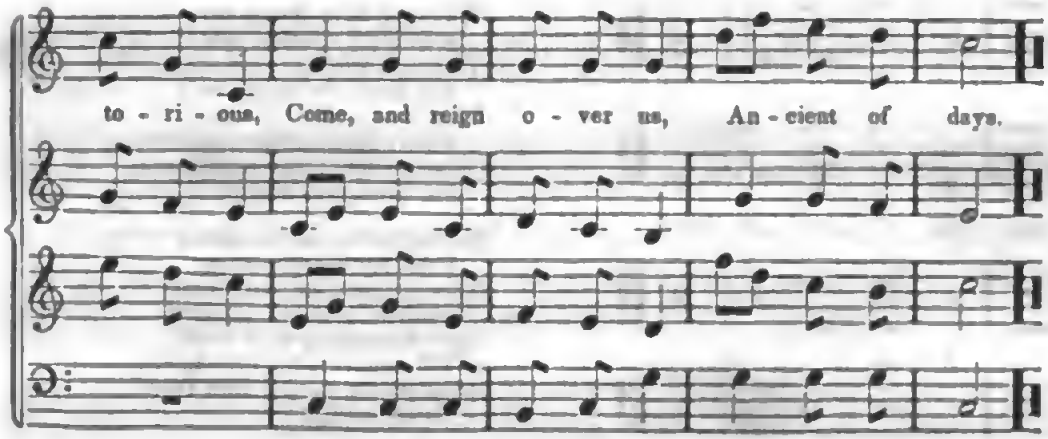

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call!

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

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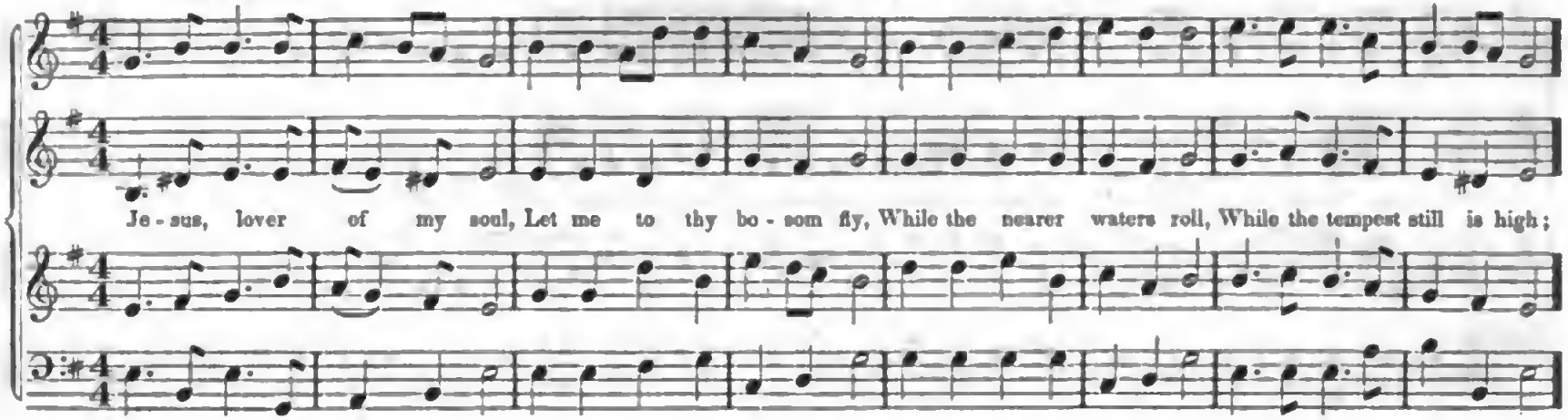

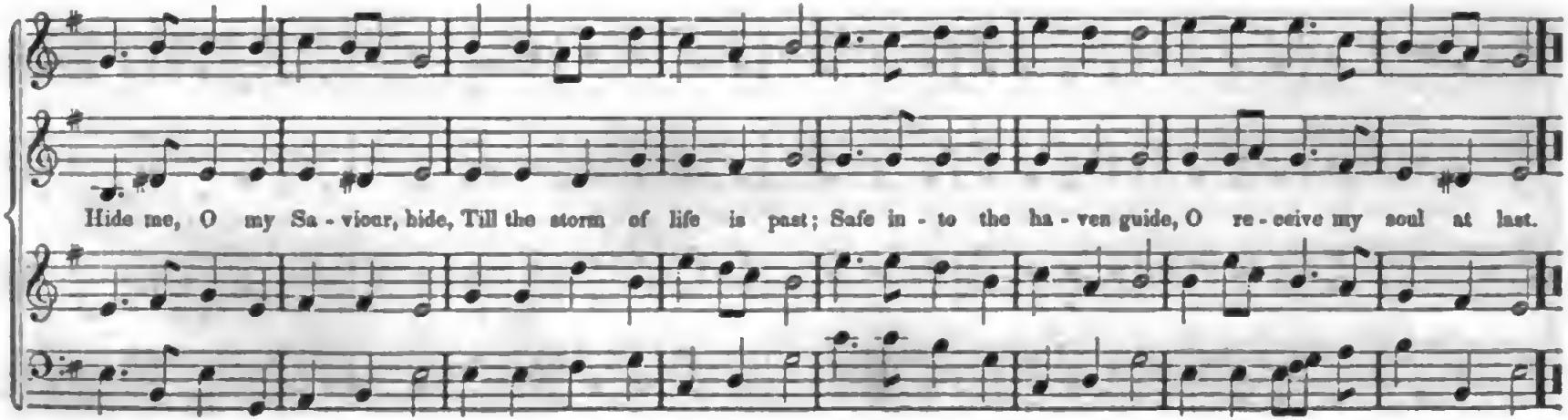

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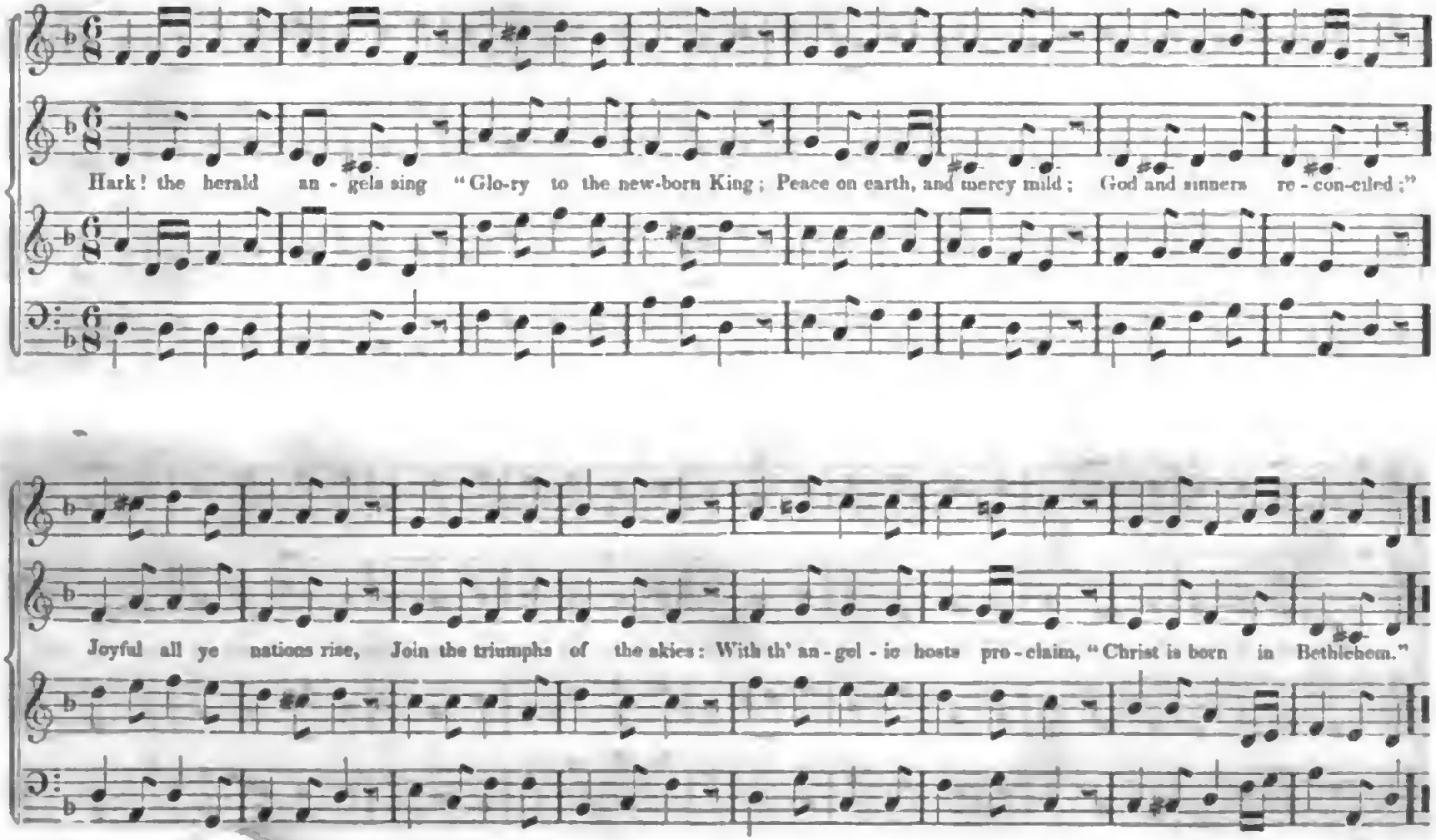

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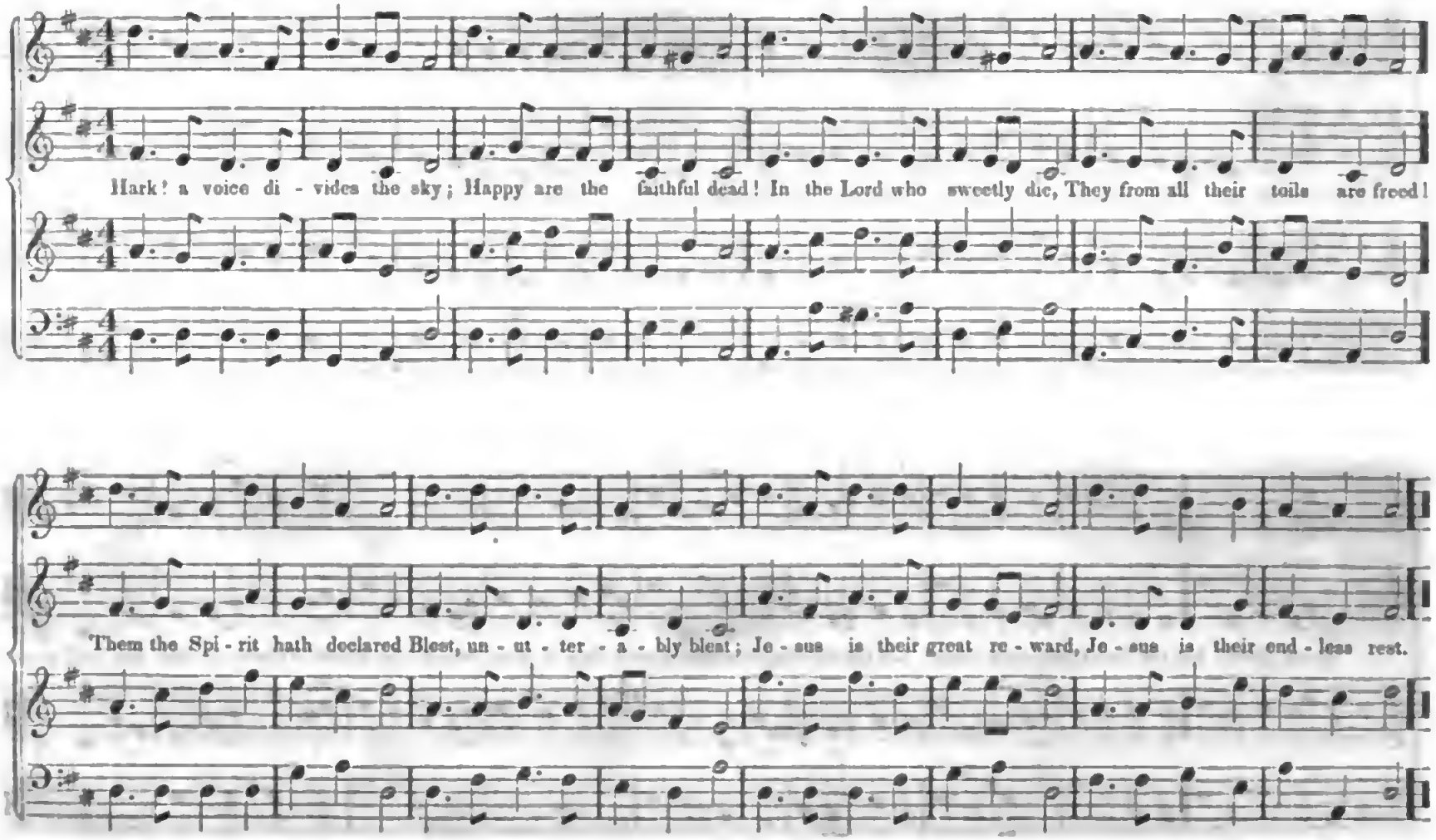

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Peace be on this house bestow'd, Peace on all that here re-side; Let the un-known peace of God With the man of

peace abide! Let the Spirit now come down: Let the blessing now take place: Son of peace, receive thy crown, Fulness of the gos - pel grace.

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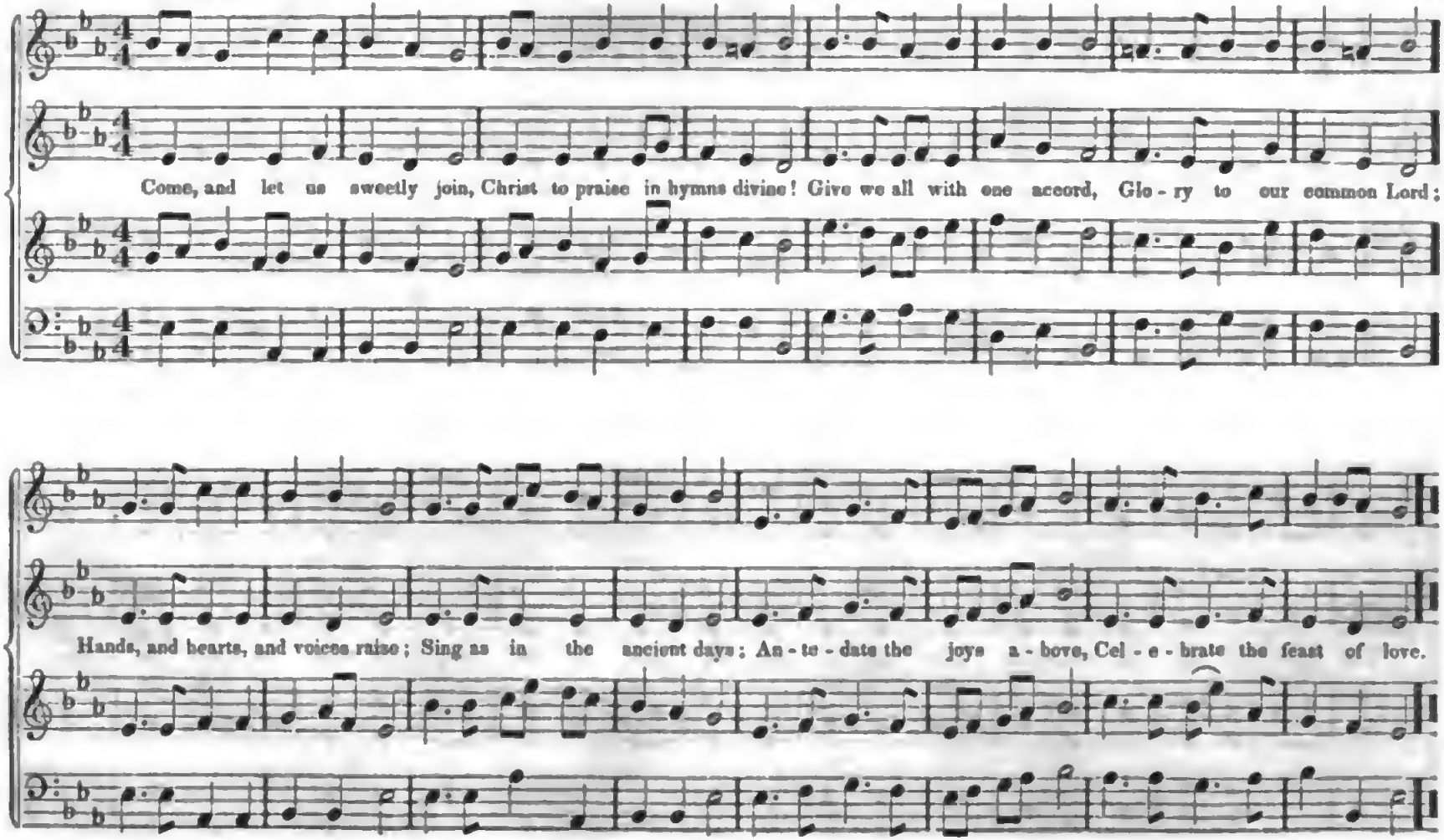

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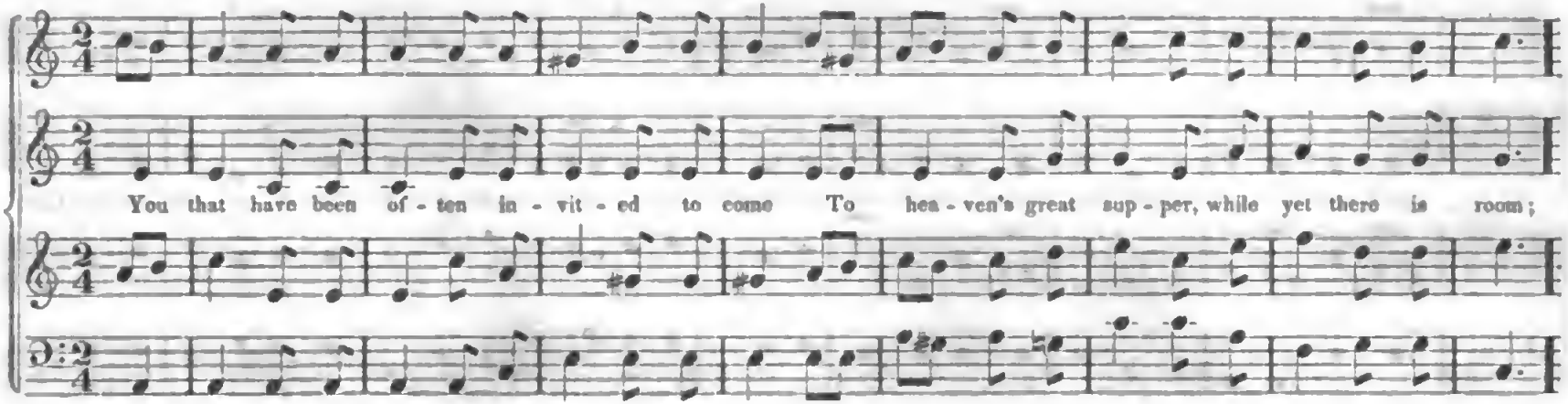
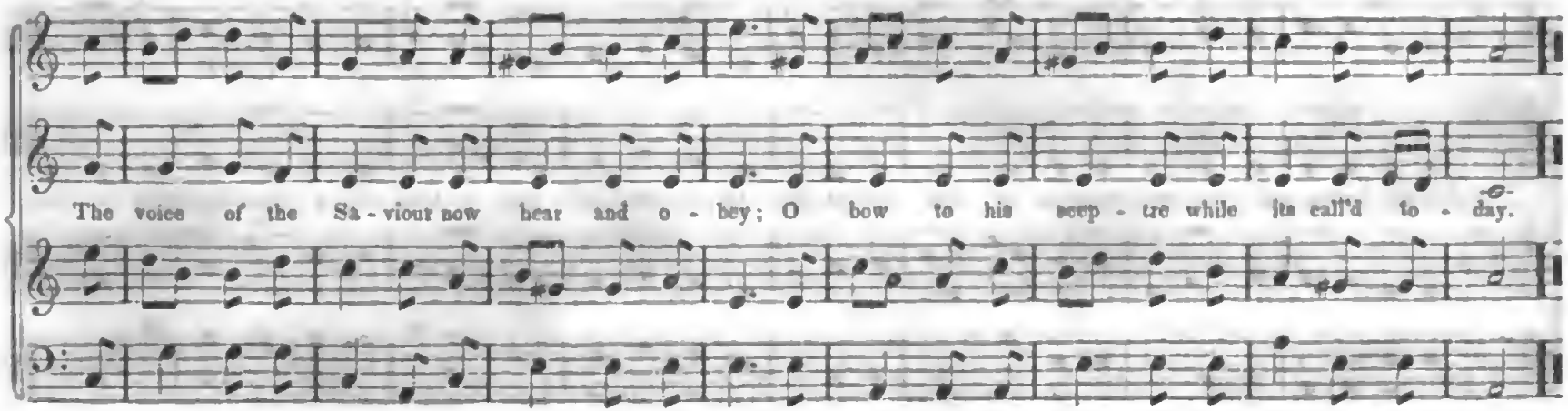
OSCEOLA. (4 LINES 11's.)





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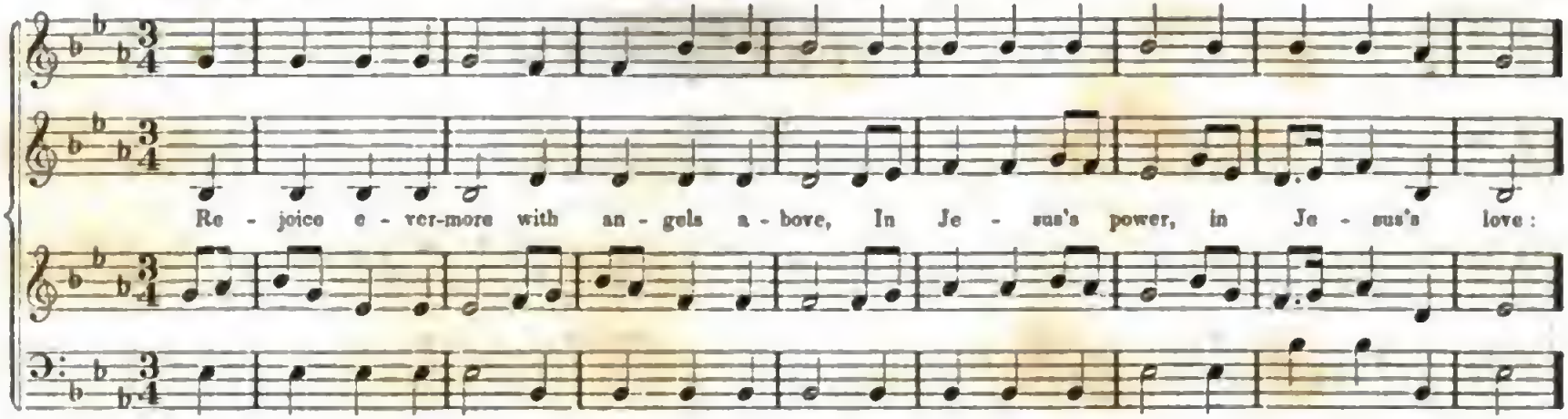

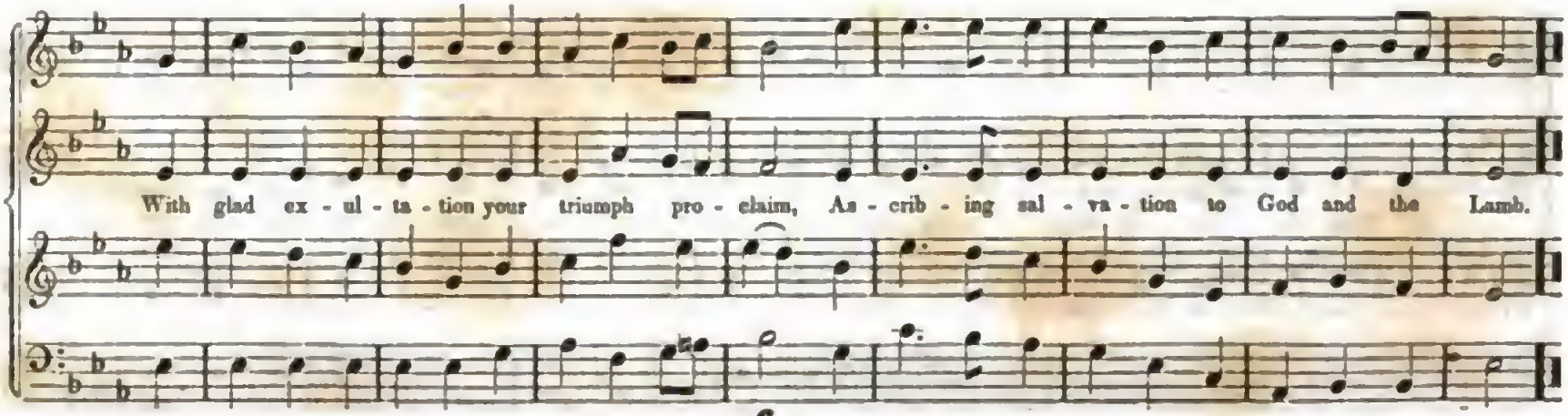

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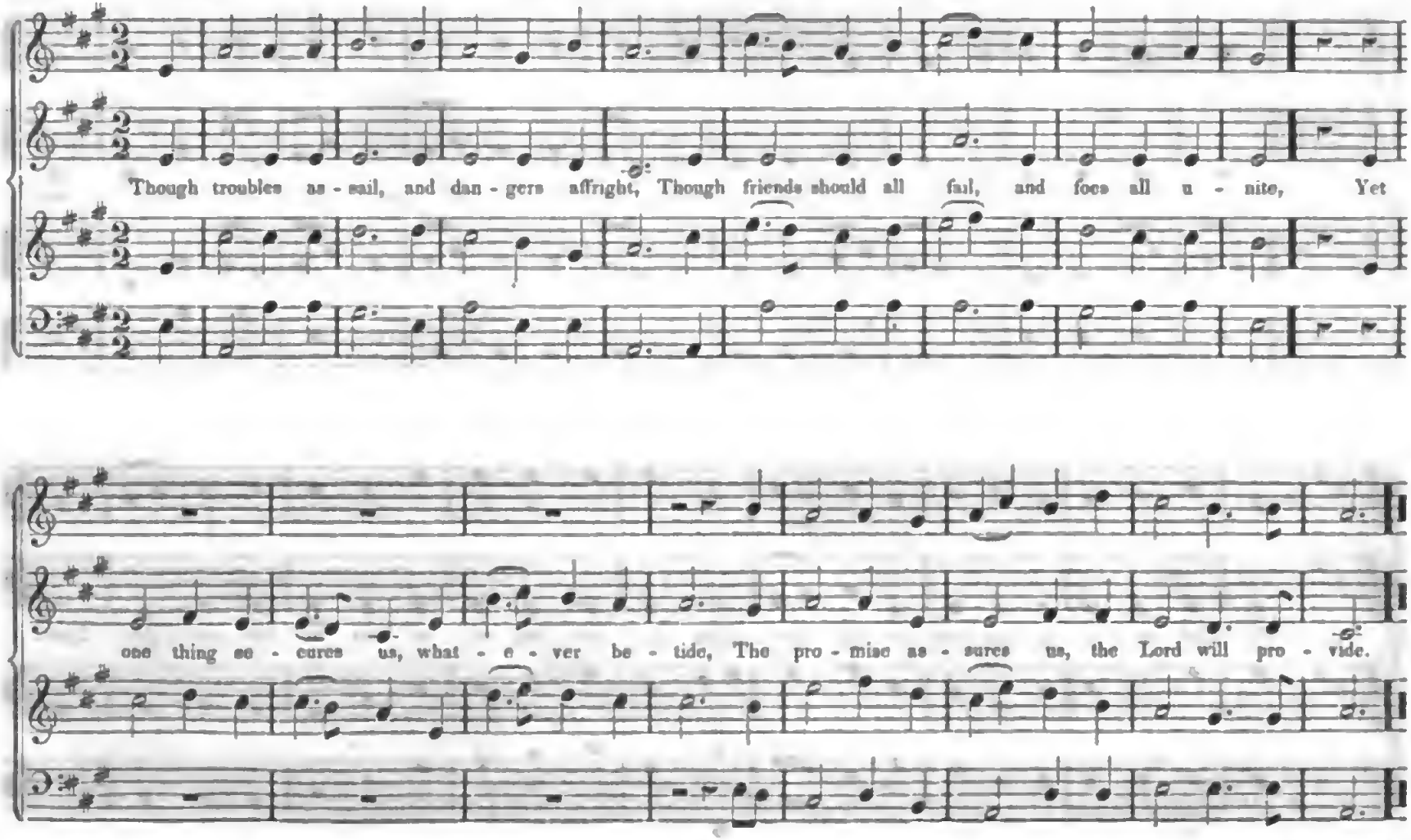

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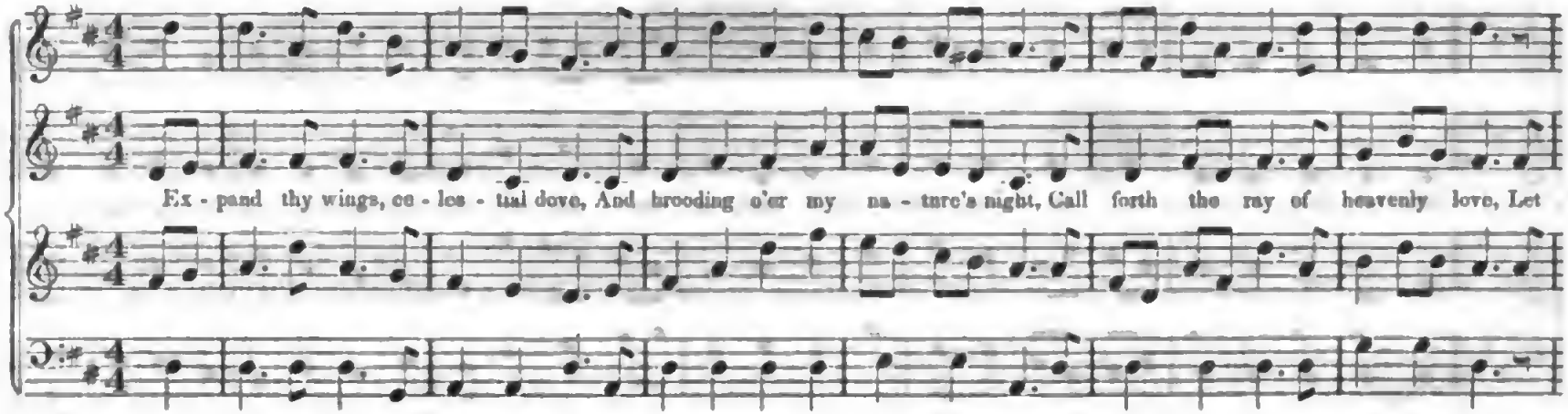

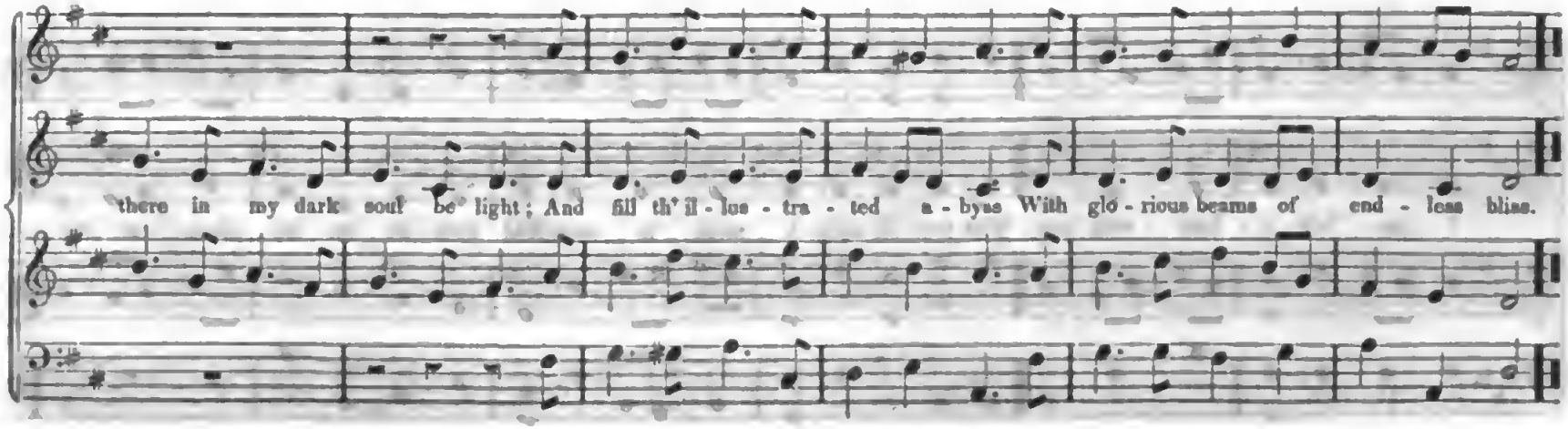

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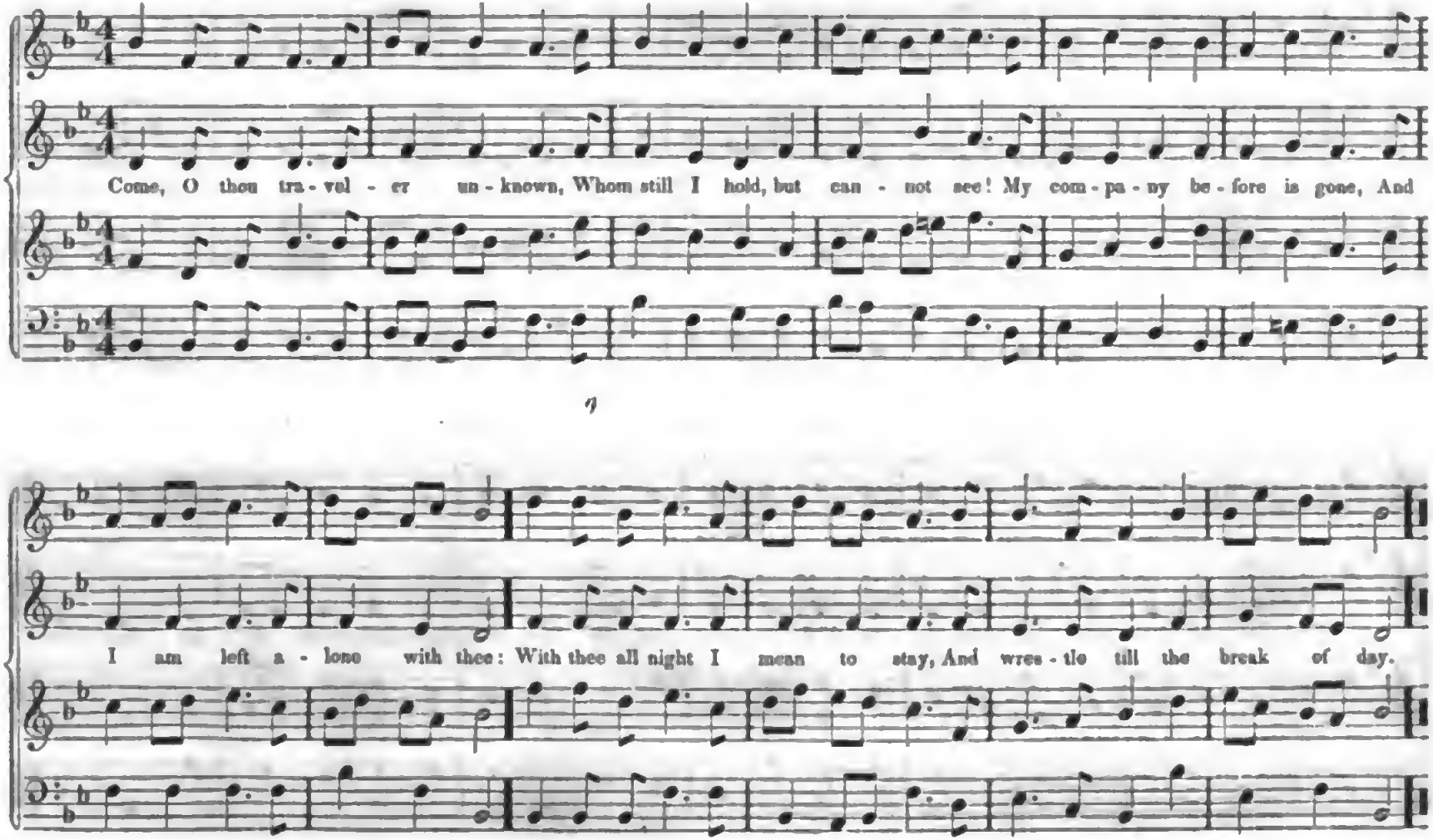

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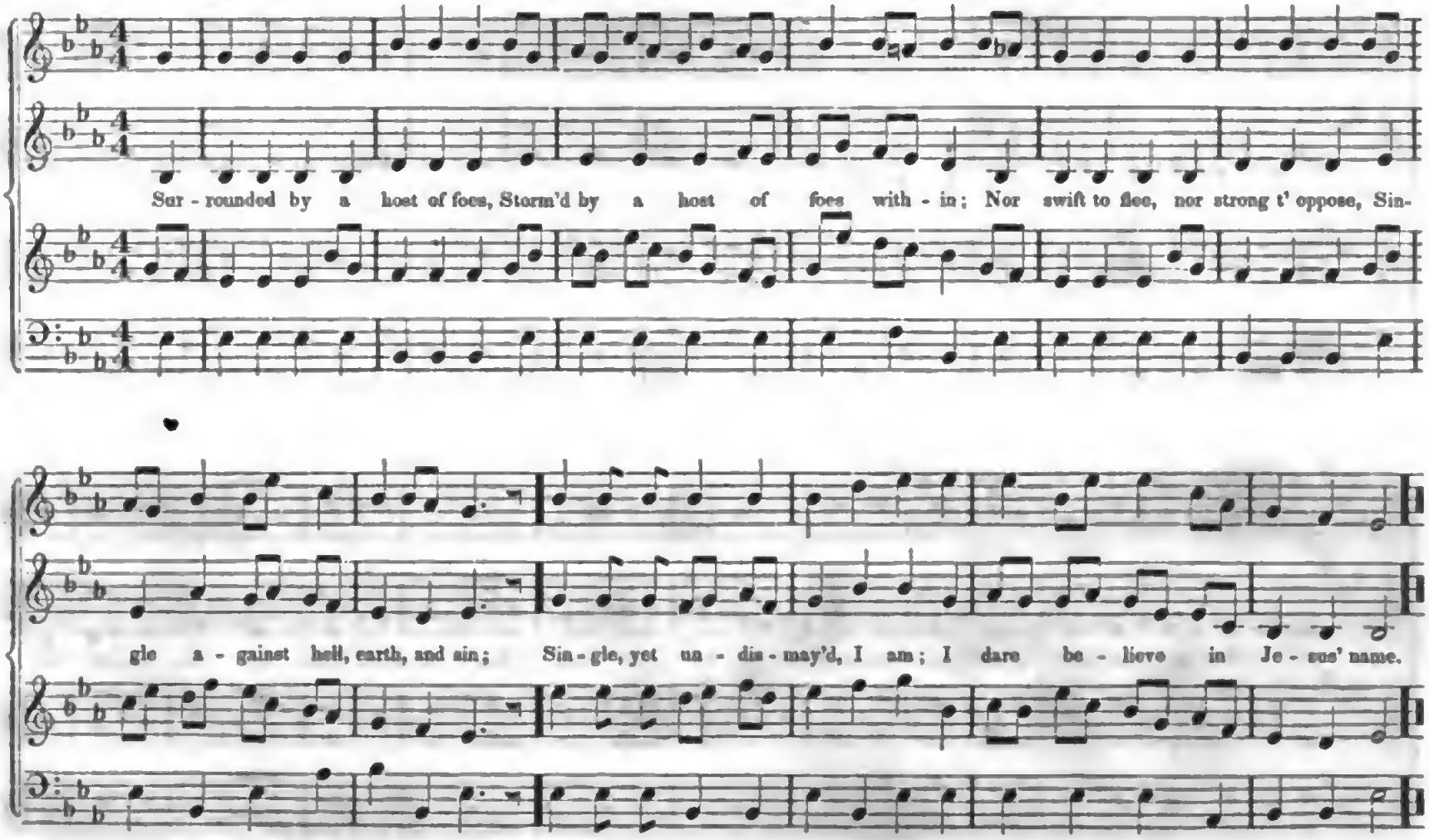

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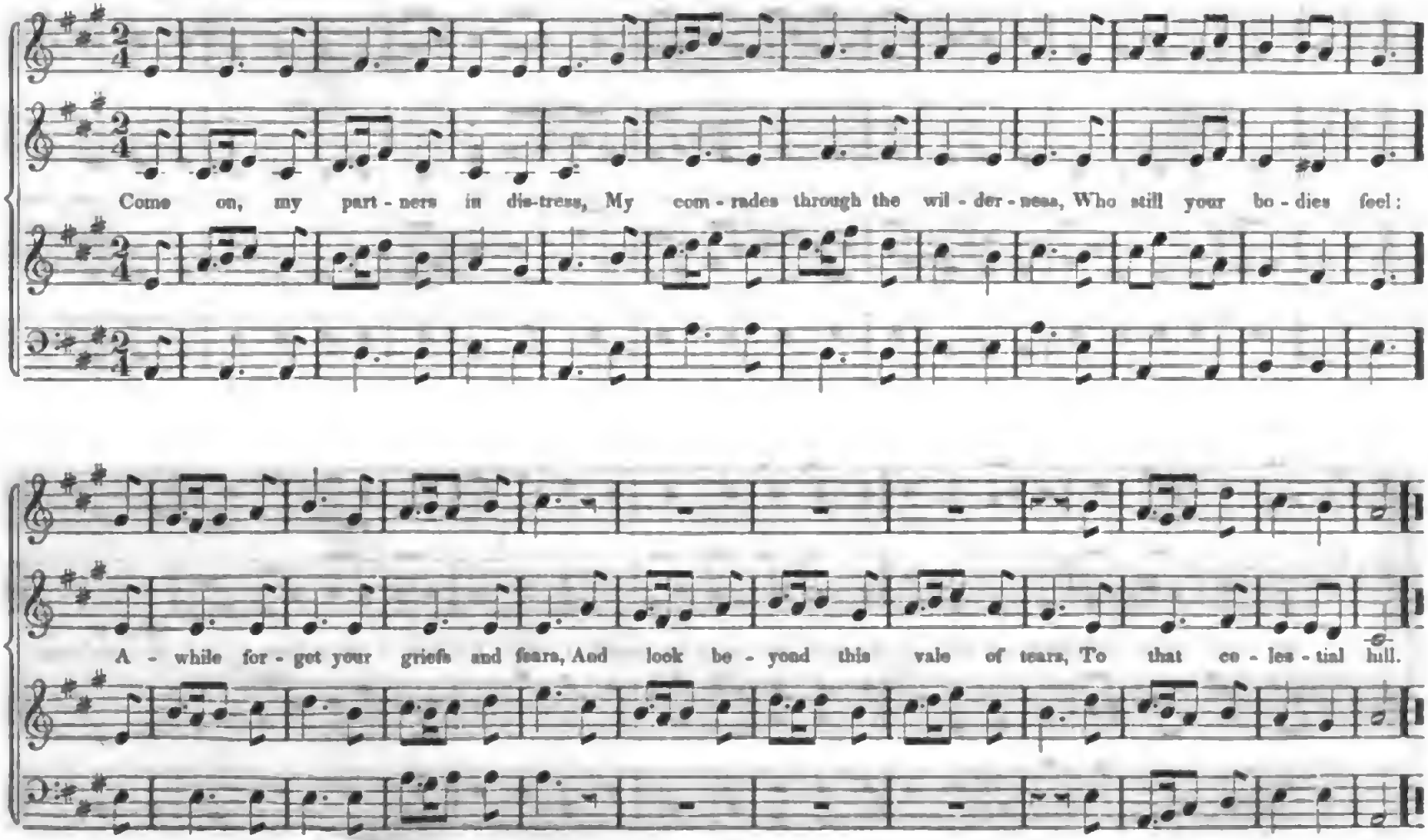

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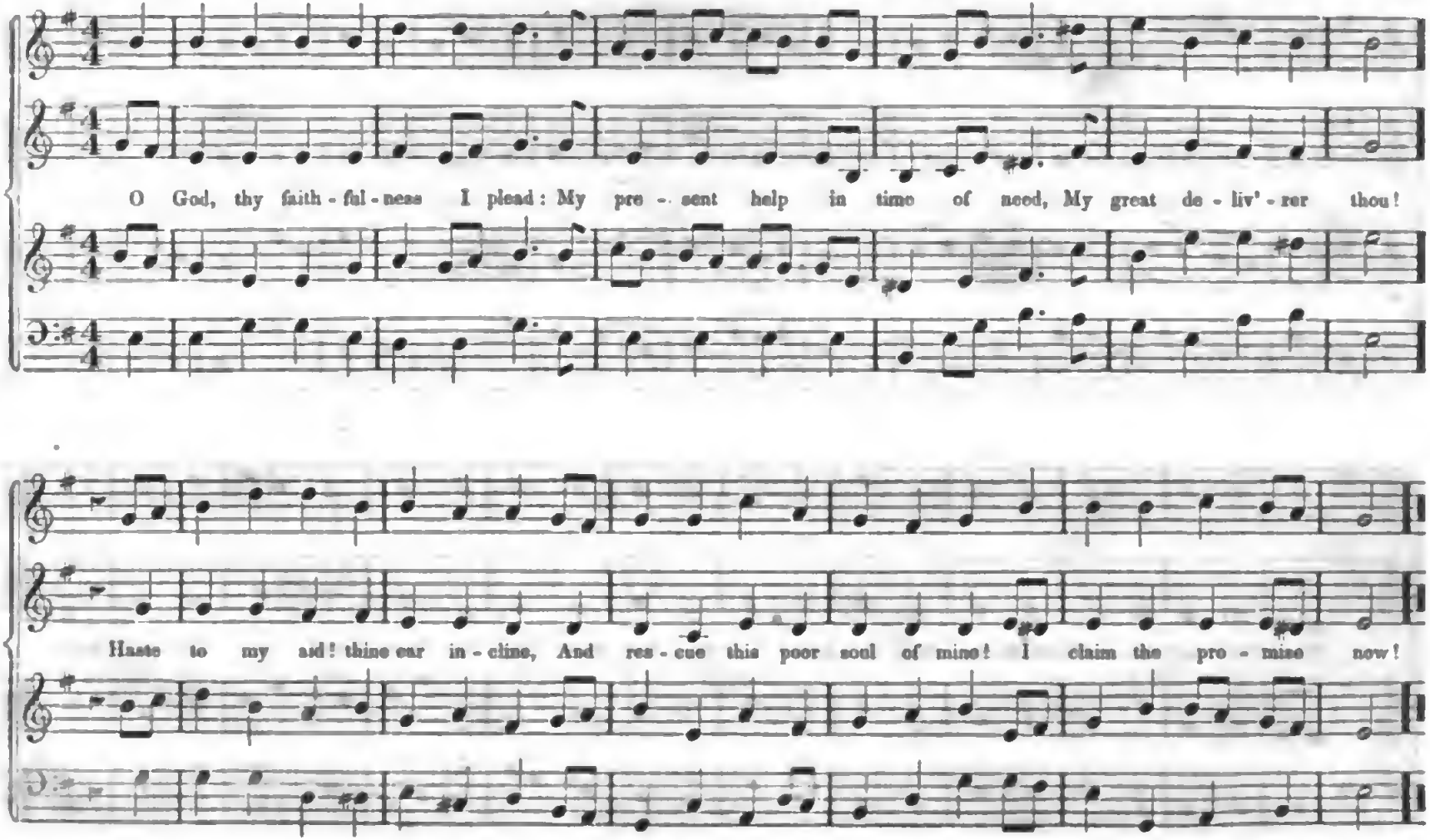

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How hap - py are the lit - tle flock, Who, safe be - neath their guar - dian rock, In all com - mo - tions rest!

When war's and tu - mult's waves run high, Un - moved a - bove the storm they lie, They lodge in Je - sus' breast.

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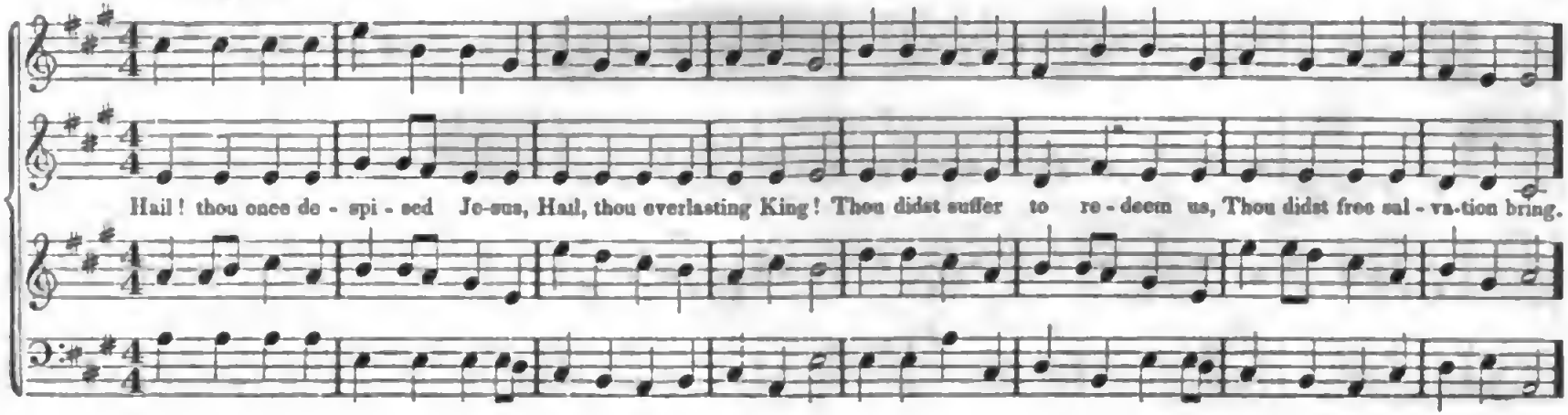

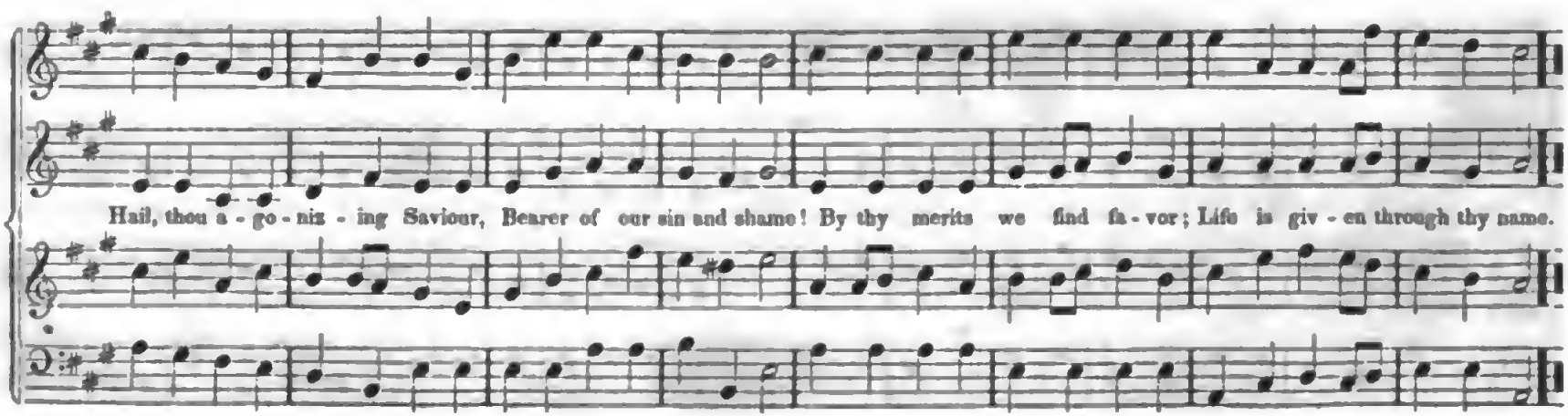

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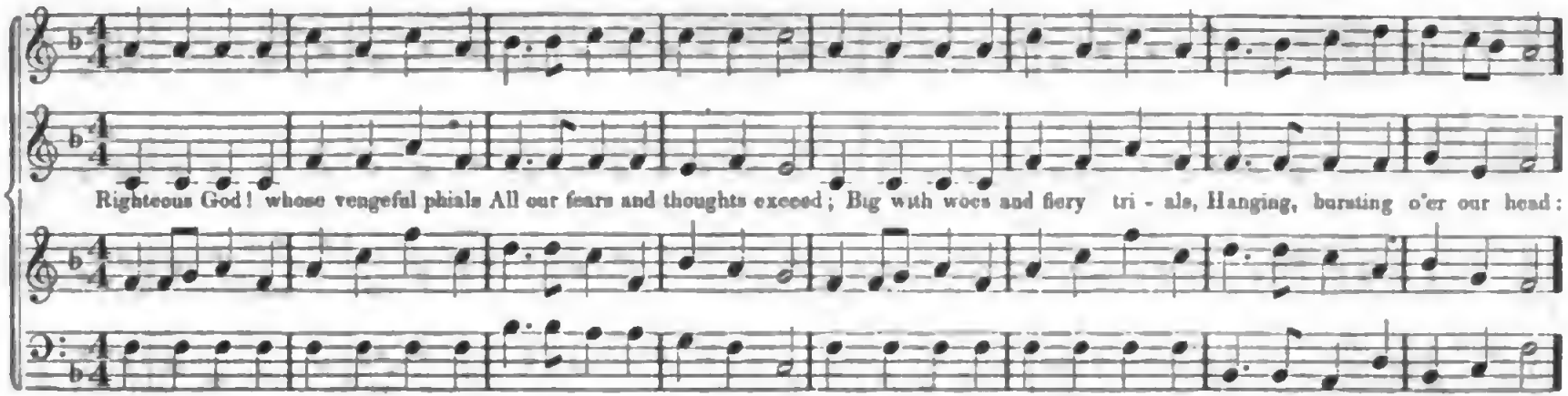

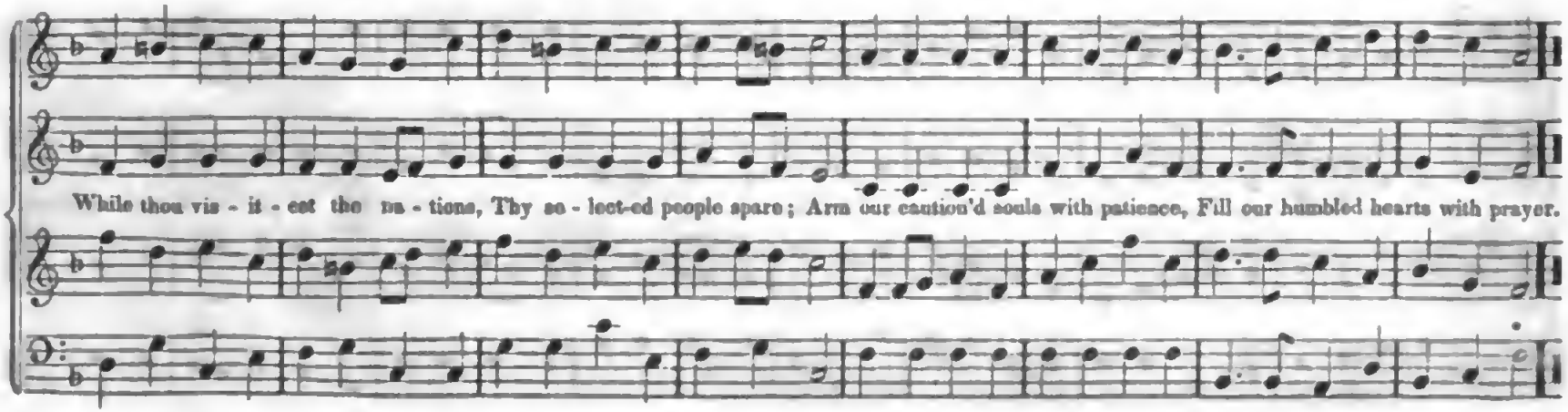

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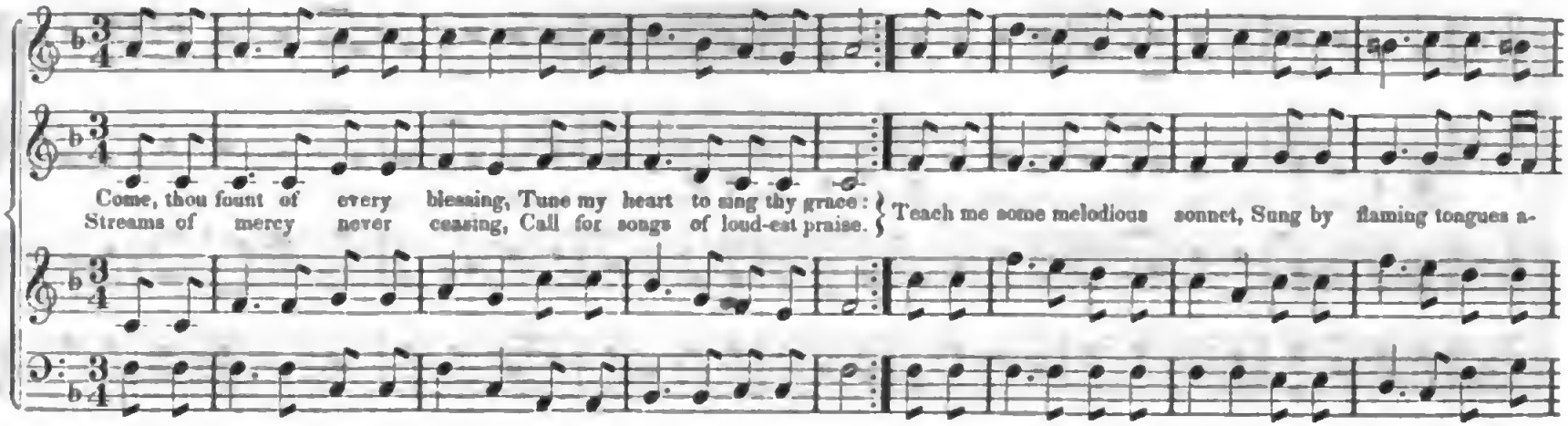

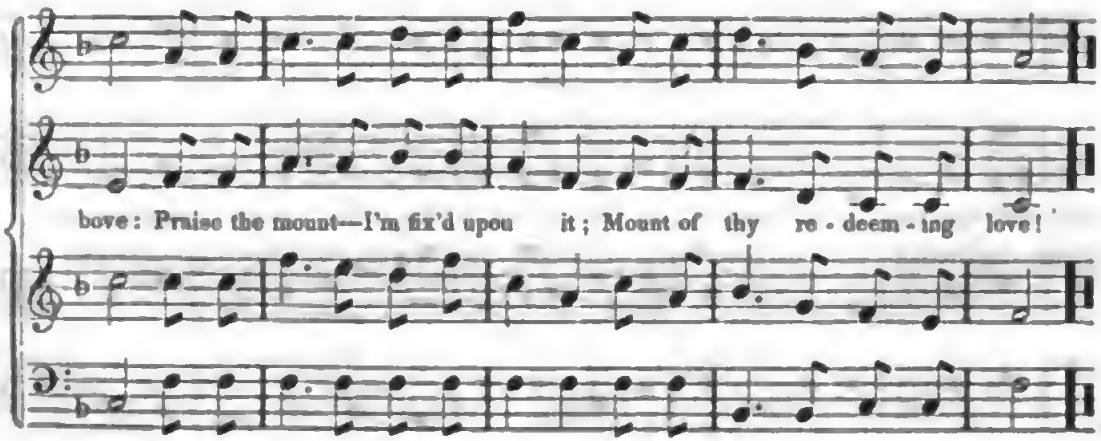

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

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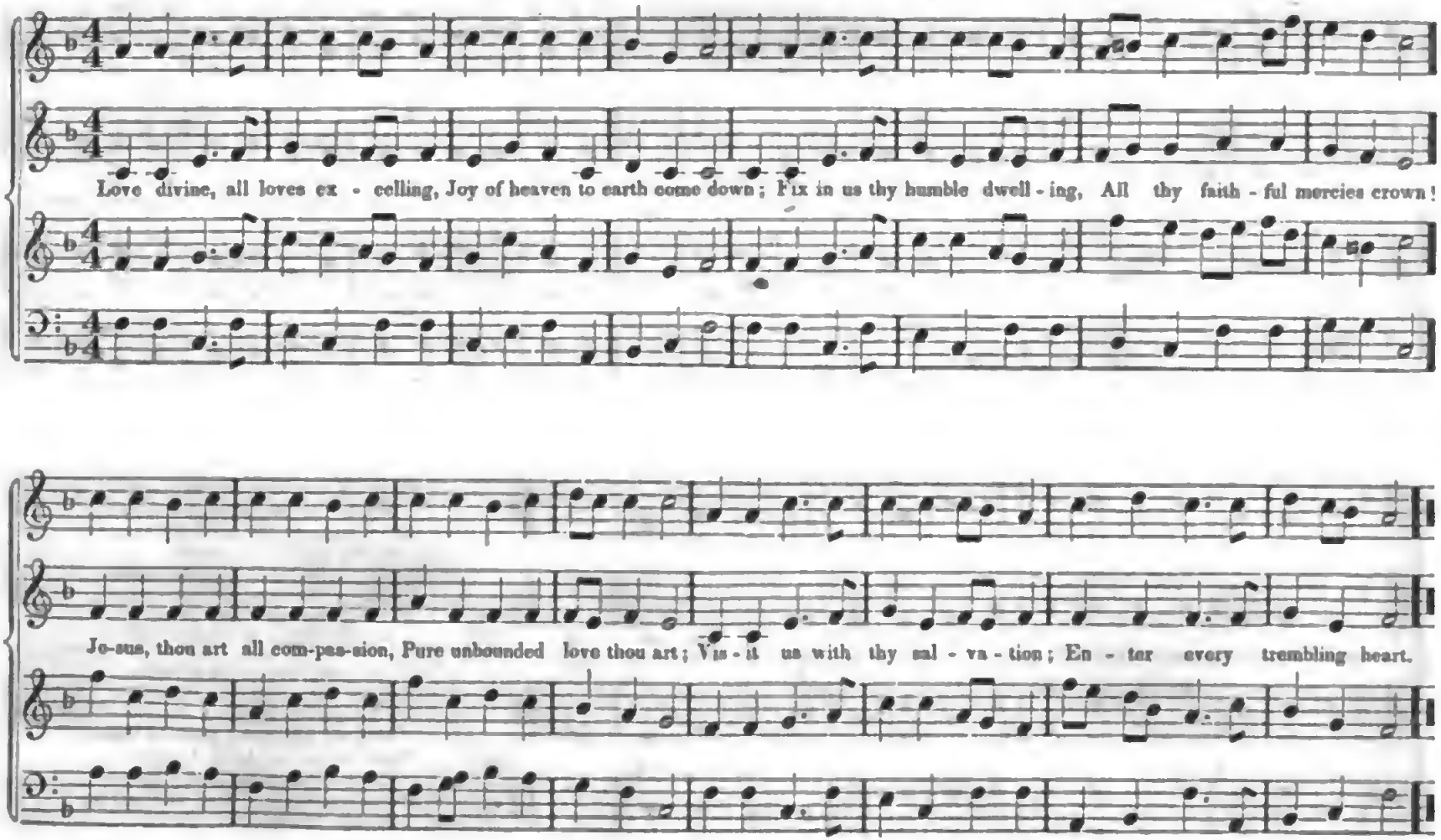

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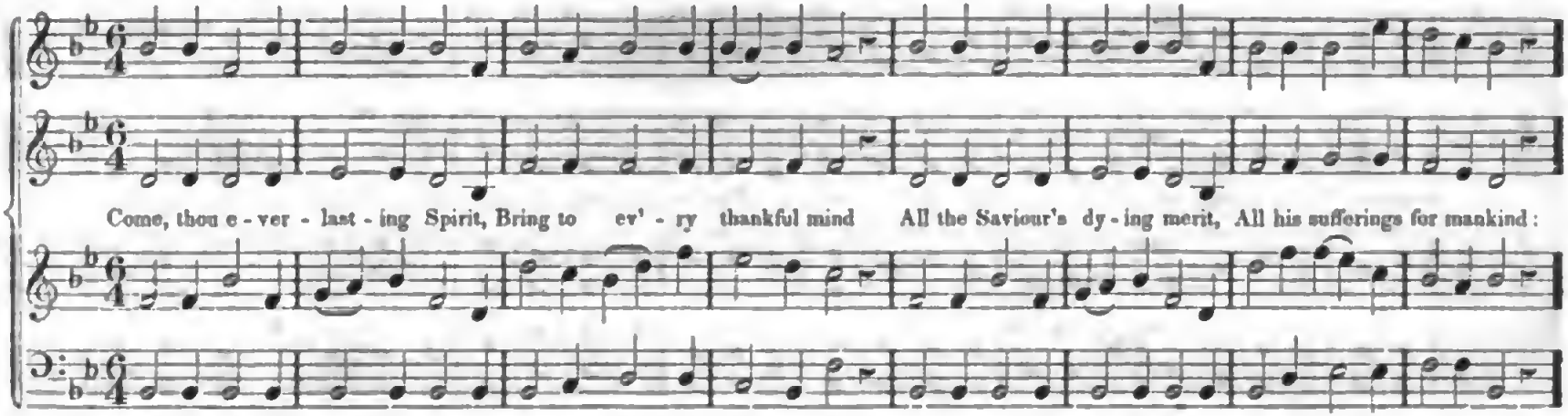

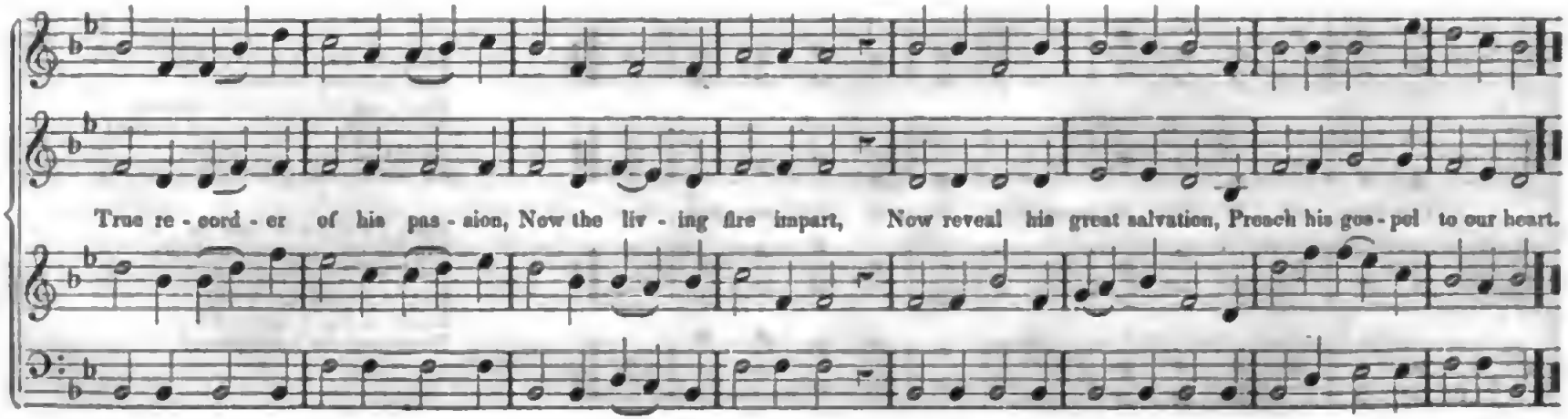

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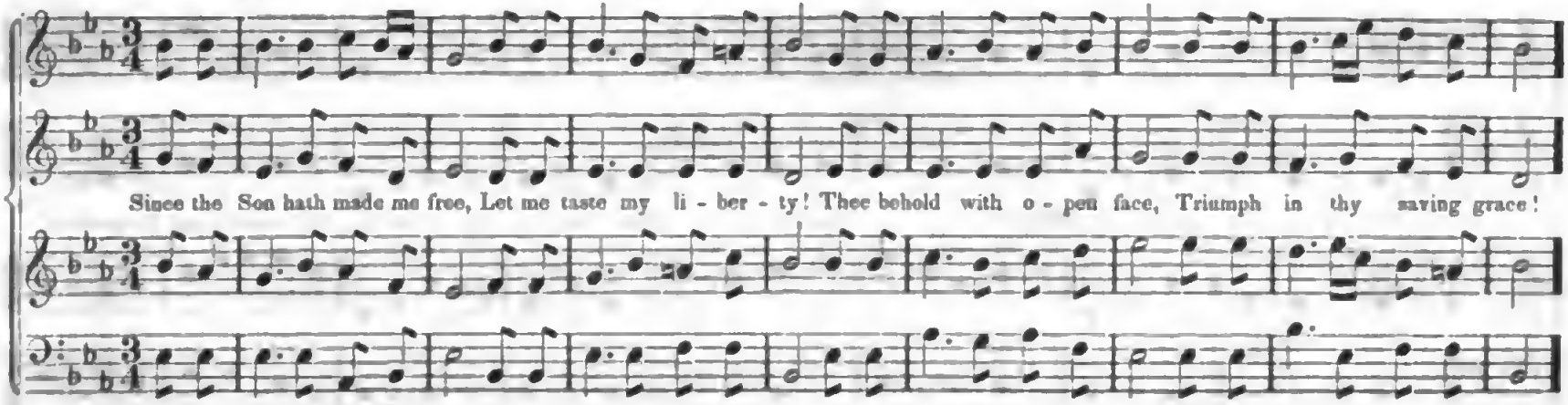

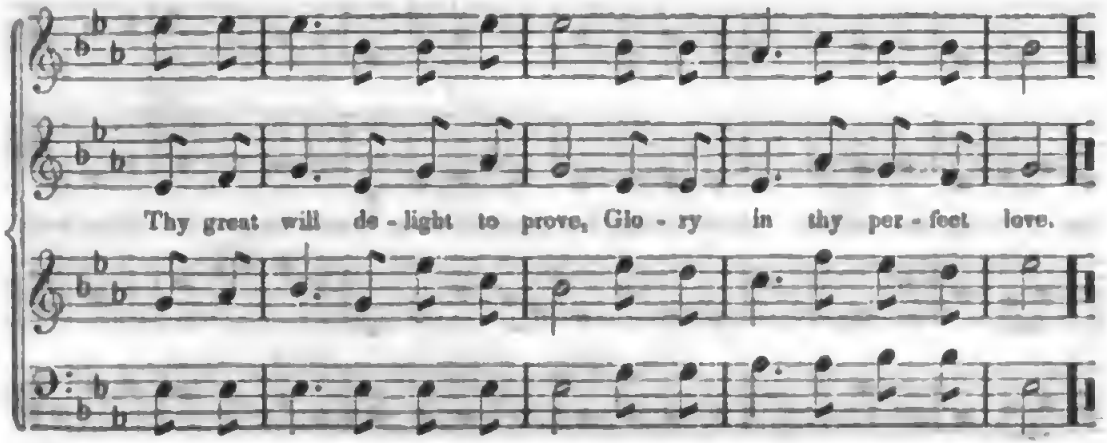

Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

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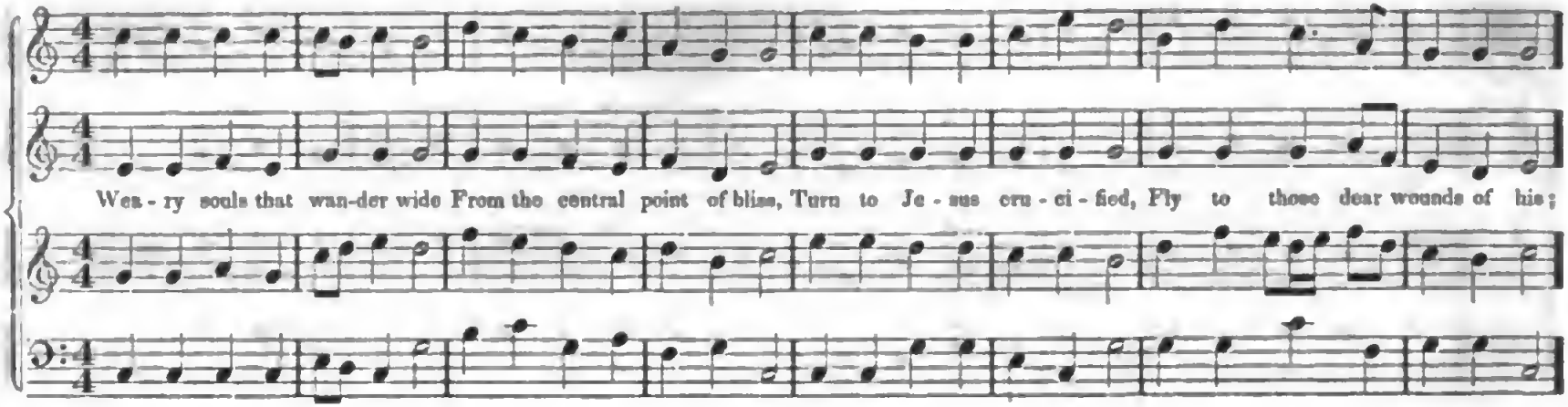

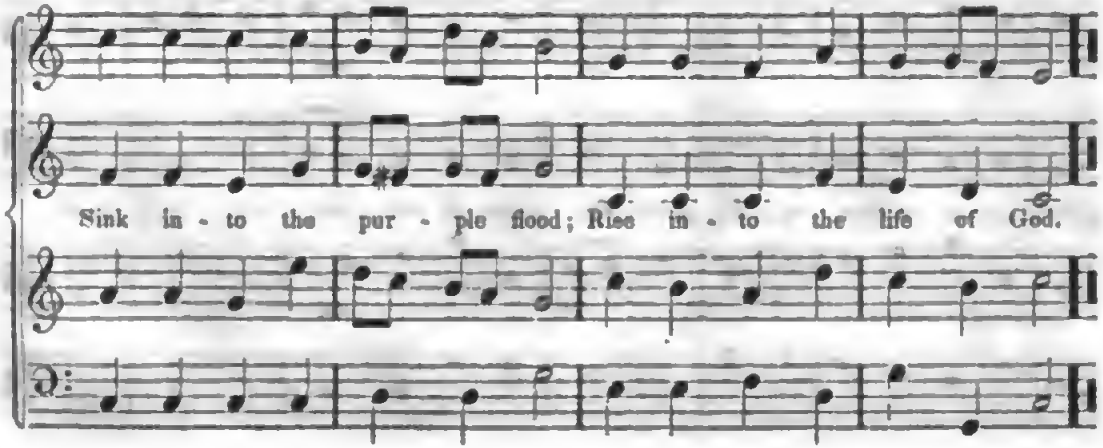

Find in Christ the way of peace,
  Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
  Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,
  God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too;
  Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

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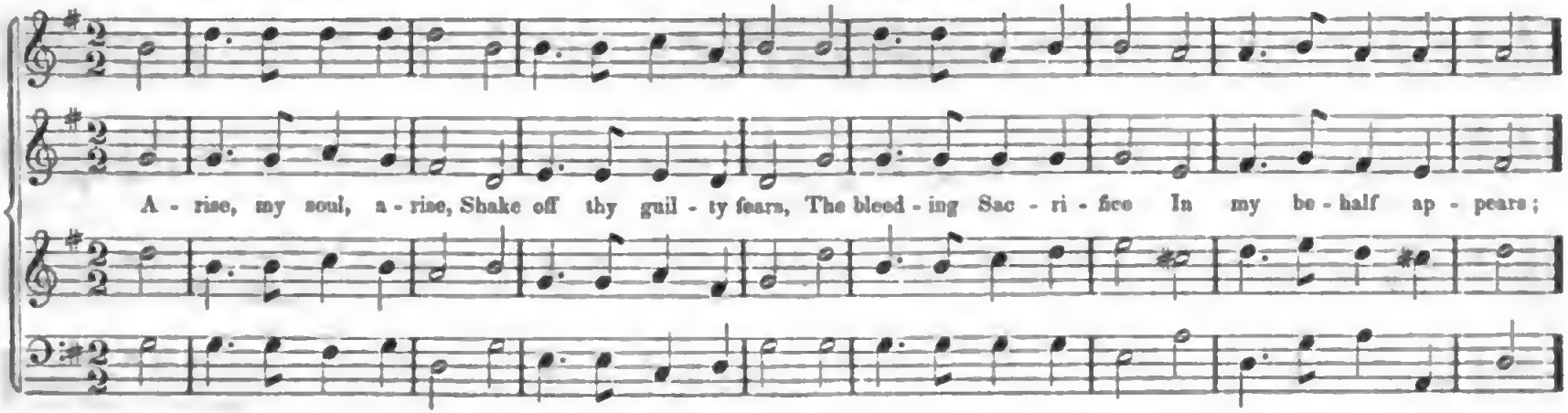

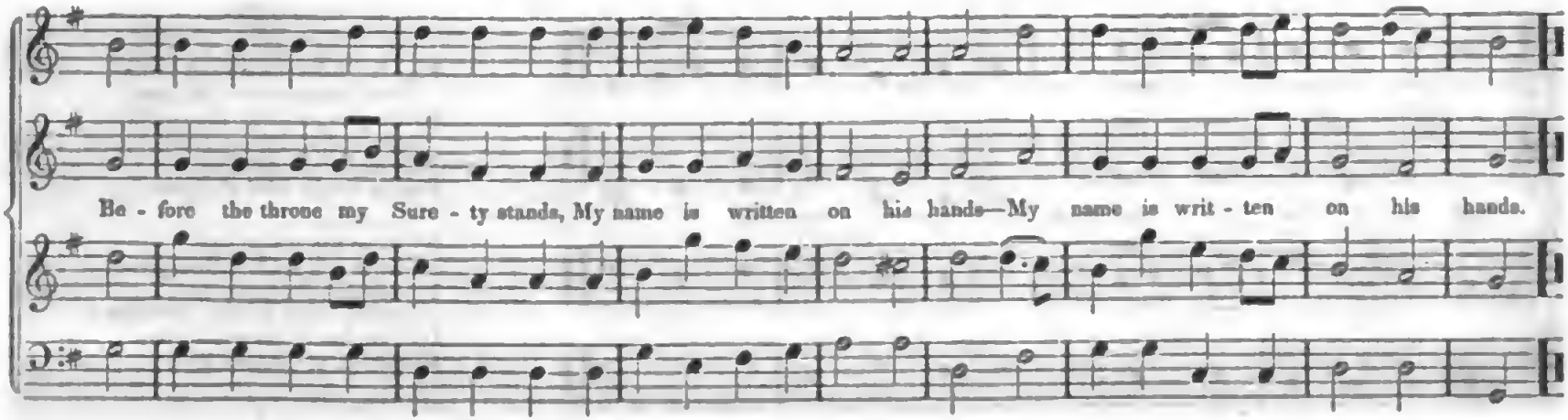

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The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are light and ma - jes - ty:

His glo - ries shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight—No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

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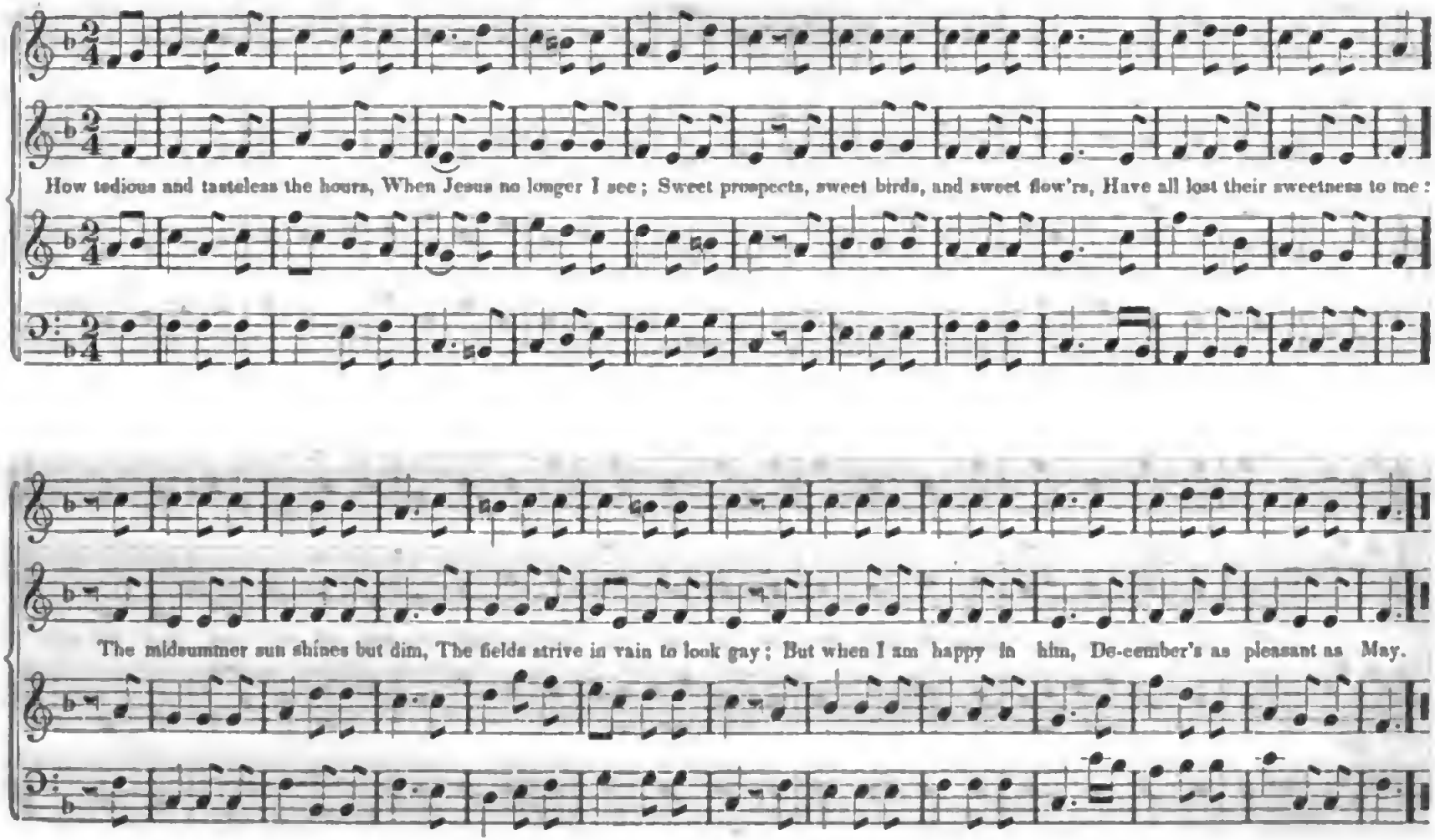

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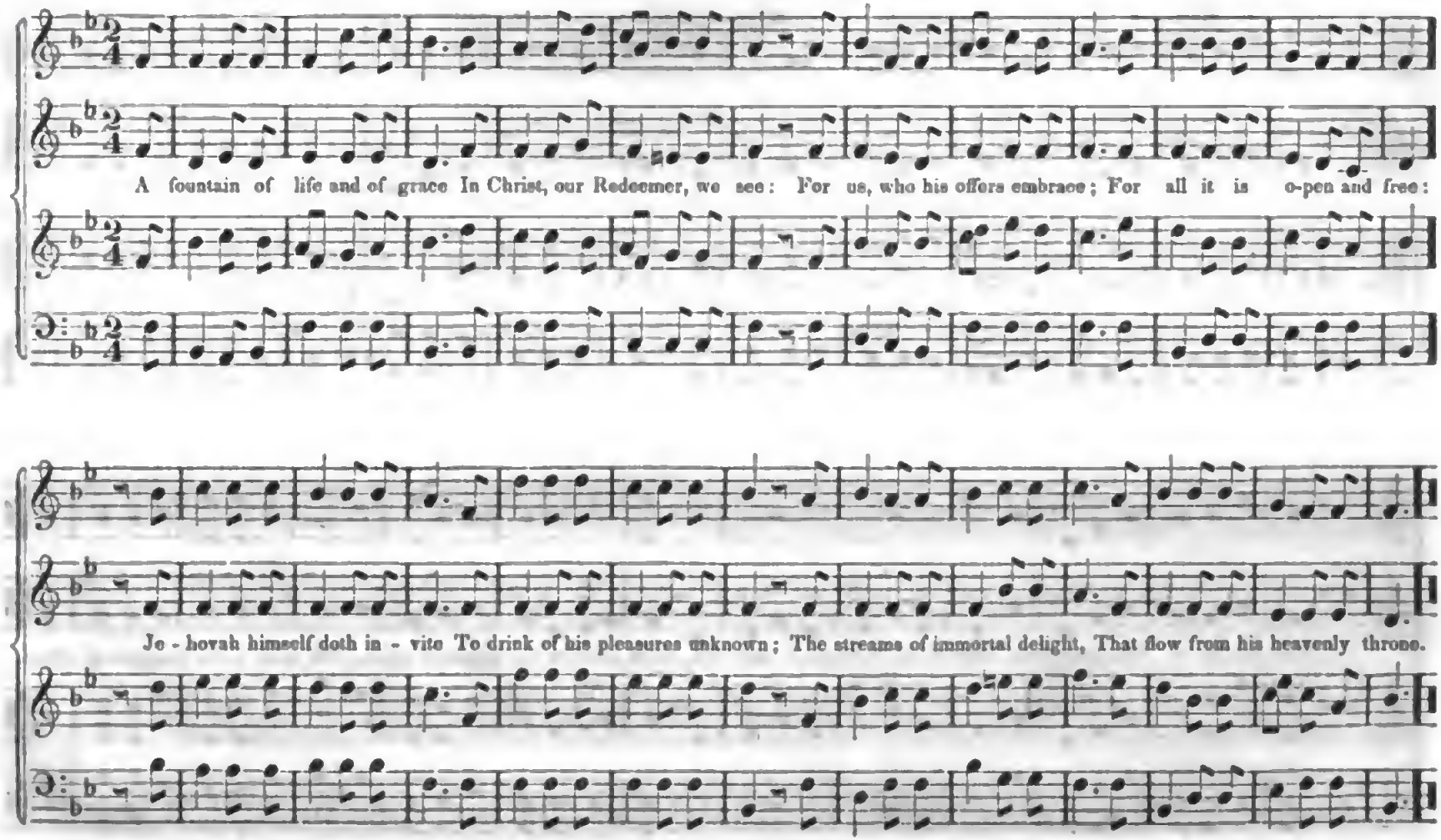

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KUSICK. (8 LINES 8's.)

All glory to God in the sky, And peace upon earth be restored! O Jesus, ex - alt - ed on high, Appear our om - ni - po-tent Lord!

Who meanly in Bethlehem born, Didst stoop to redeem a lost race, Once more to thy creatures return, And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

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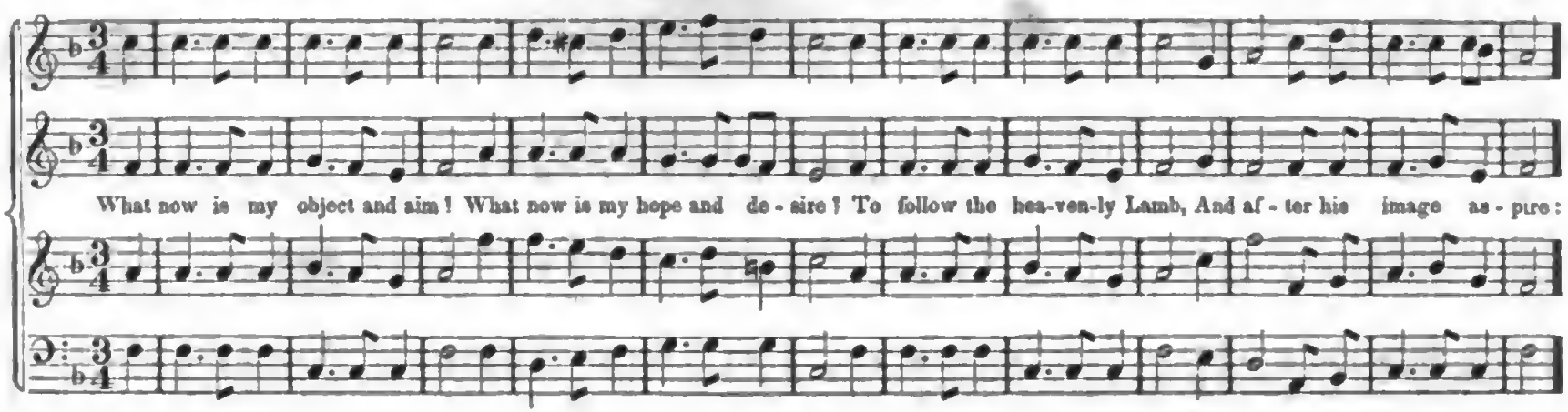

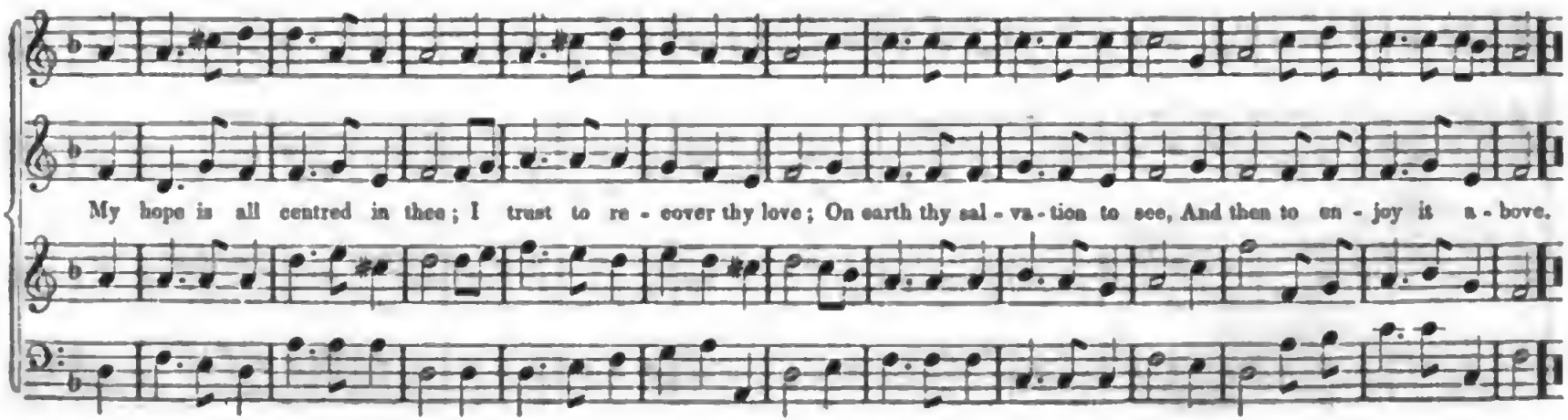

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NEECHY. (8 LINES 8's.)

A - way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall re - cover our home; The city of saints shall appear; The day of e - ter-ni - ty come.

From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode; The house of our Father above, The palace of an-gels and God.

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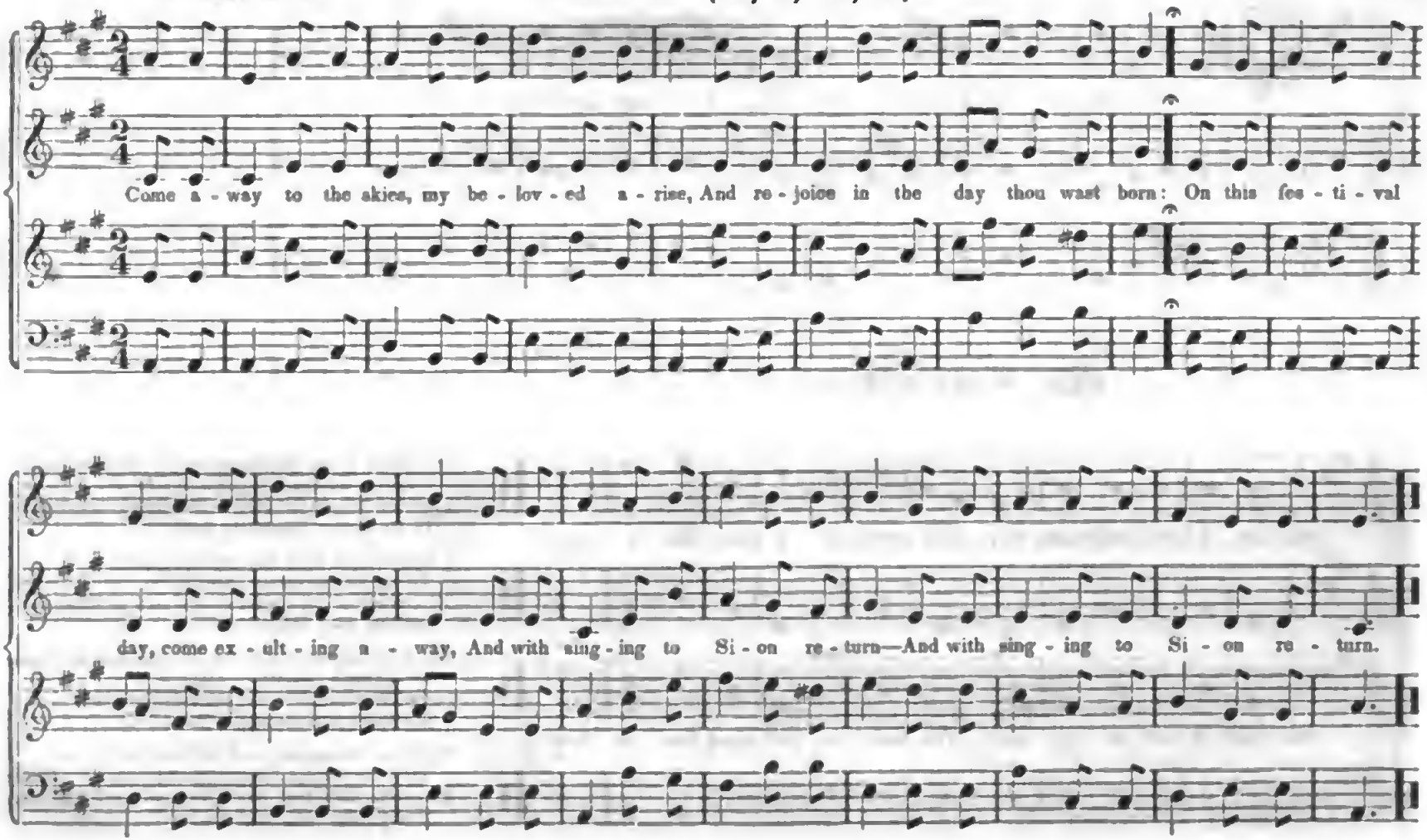

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MISSIONARY, OR WHITE PILGRIM.* P. M.

Moderato.

I came to the spot where the white pil-grim lay, And pen - sive - ly stood by his tomb; When in a low

The tem - pest may roar, and the loud thun-der roll, And ga - ther-ing storms may a - rise; Yet calm are my

whis - per I heard some-thing say, How sweet - ly I sleep here a - lone!

feel - ings, at rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my Master propell'd me from home,
I bid my companion farewell;
I left my sweet children (who for me do mourn)
In far distant regions to dwell.

I wander'd an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavor'd to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion, and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

O tell my companion and children most dear
To weep not for JOSEPH, though gone! [drear,
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and
Has kindly conducted me home.

* A tradition of the New-York Indians.

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Make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, un-

Make a joy - ful noise, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, un-

to the Lord, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad - ness, the

to the Lord, make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad - ness, the

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Lord with glad - ness. Come be - fore his pre - sence, his pre - sence with sing - ing, his pre - sence with sing - ing—

Lord with glad - ness. Come be - fore his pre - sence, his pre - sence with sing - ing, his pre - sence with sing - ing—

Come before his presence, his presence with singing. The Lord he is God. and

his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord—the Lord he is God: It is he that hath made us, and

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not we ourselves—it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are his peo - ple,

not we ourselves—it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are his peo-ple,

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. En - ter in - to his gates with thanks - giv - ing, and in - to his

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. En - ter in - to his gates with thanks - giv - ing, and in - to his

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courts with praise. Be thank - ful un - to him, and bless his name— Be thank - ful un - to him, and

courts with praise. Be thank - ful un - to him, and bless his name— Be thank - ful un - to him, and

bless his name— Bless his name— his name— Bless his name— Bless his name.

bless his name— Bless his name— Bless his name— Bless his name— Bless his name.

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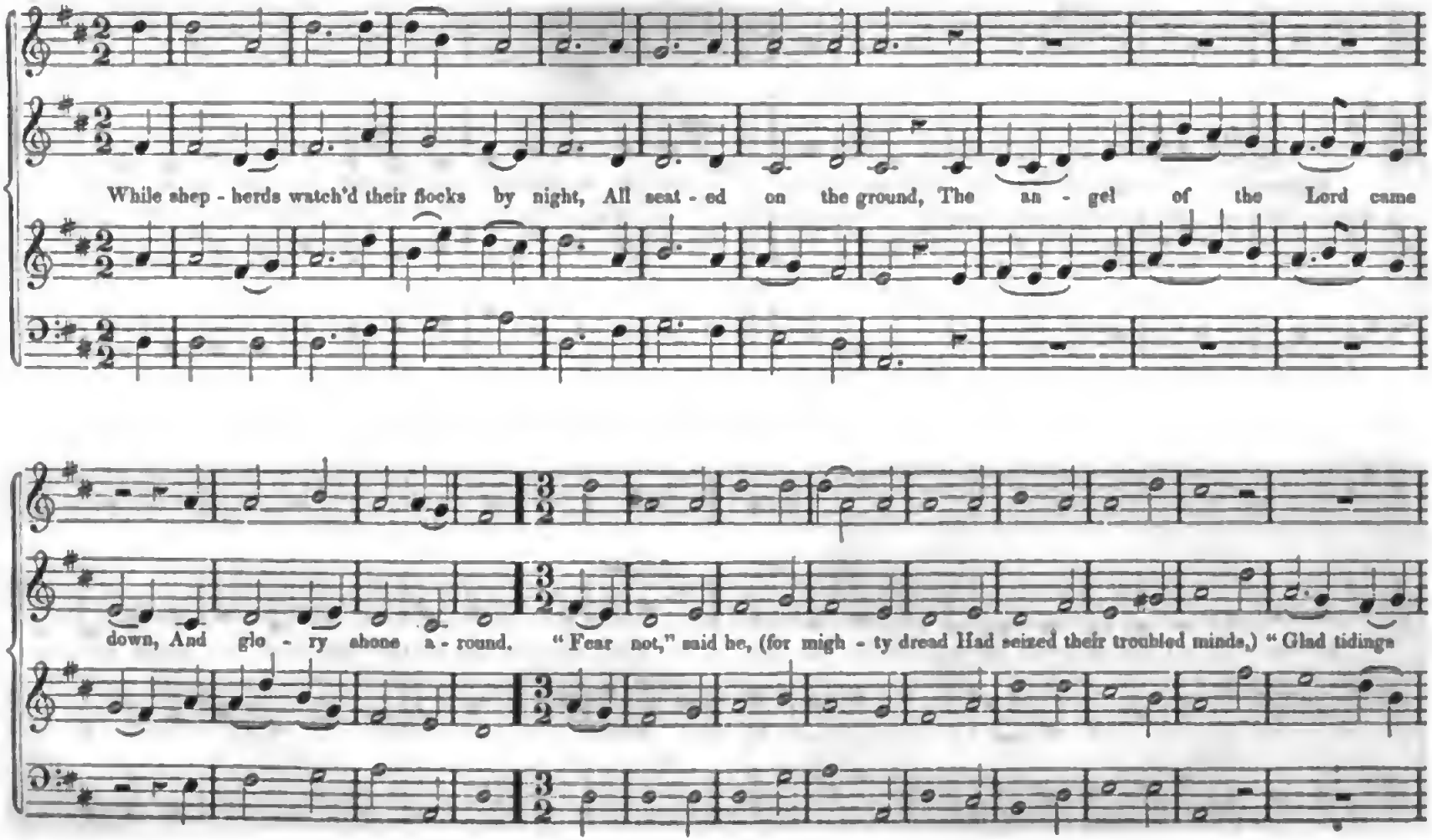

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TRIO.

of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind. To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of David's line, The

Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find To human view dis-

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play'd, All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands, And in a manger laid." Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith ap-

VIVACE.

pear'd a shining throng Of an - gels praising God, on high, And thus ad - dress'd their song: "All glo - ry be to

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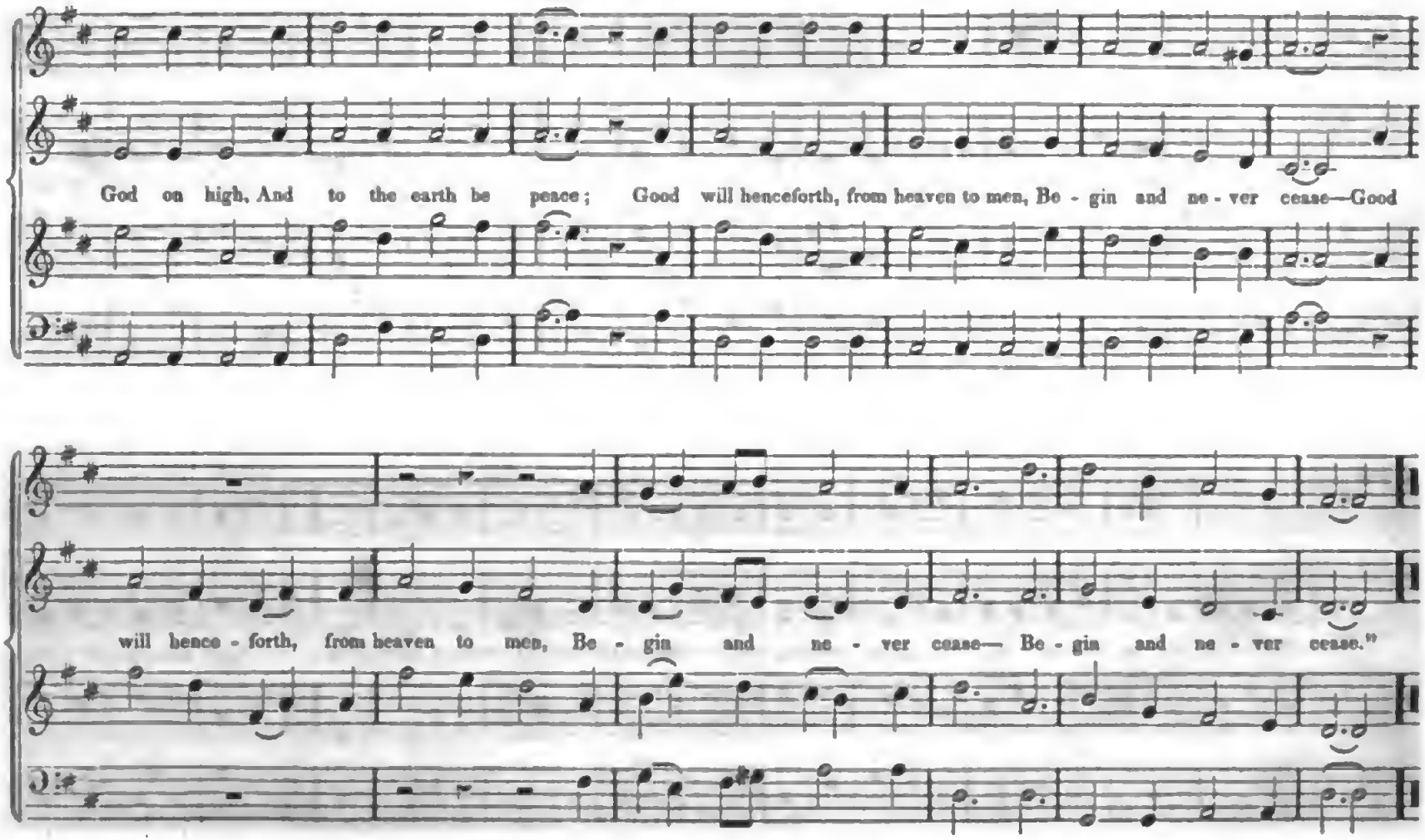

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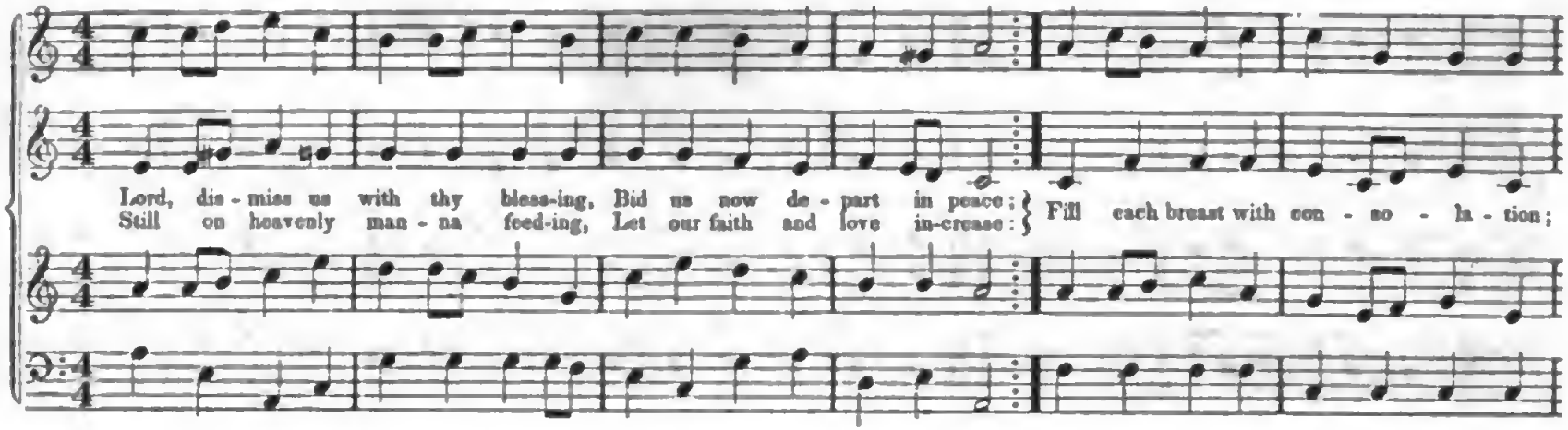

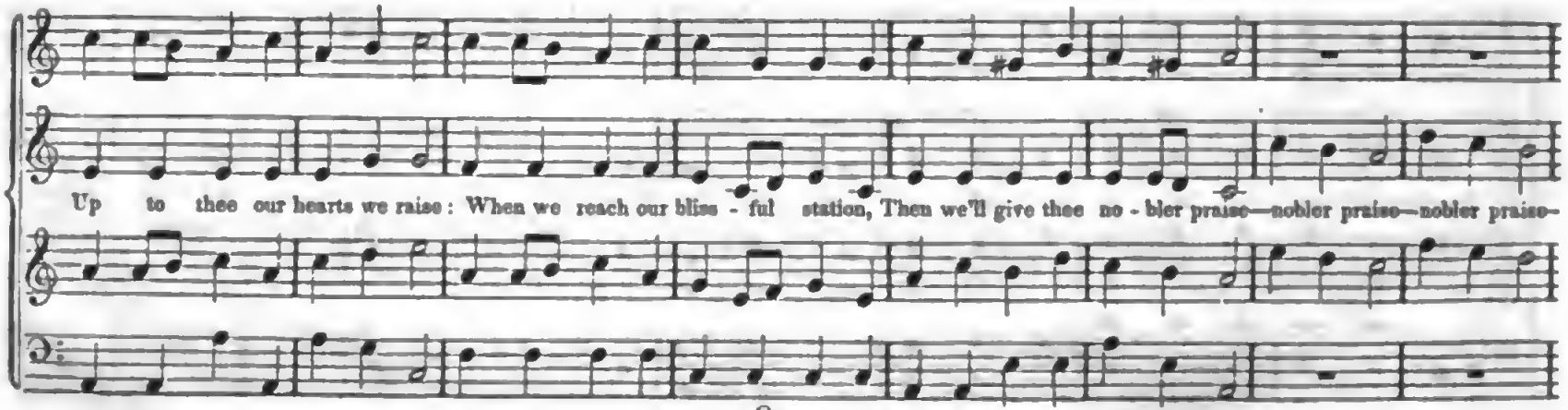

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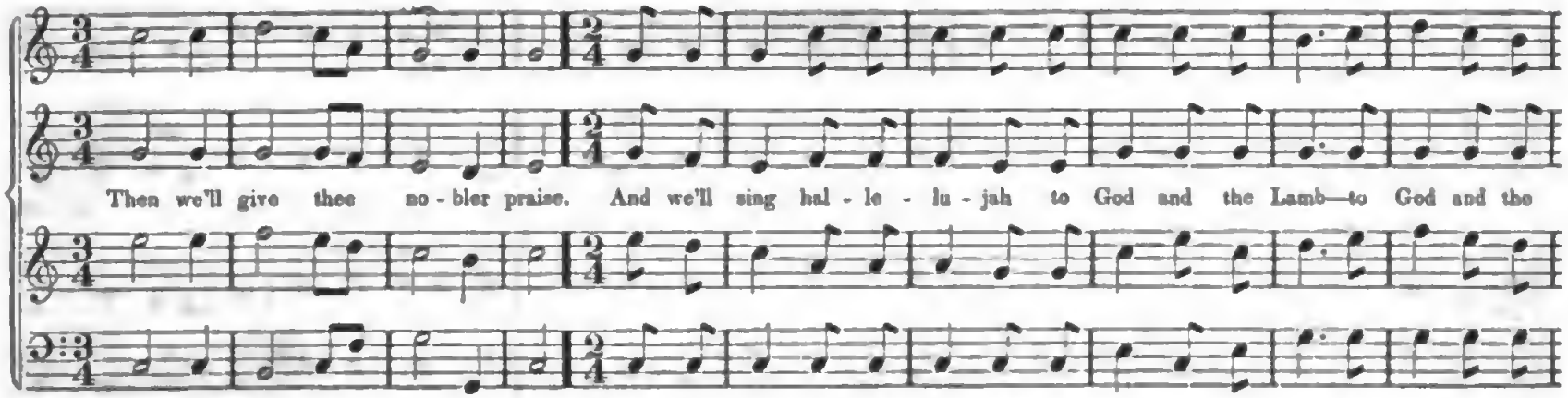

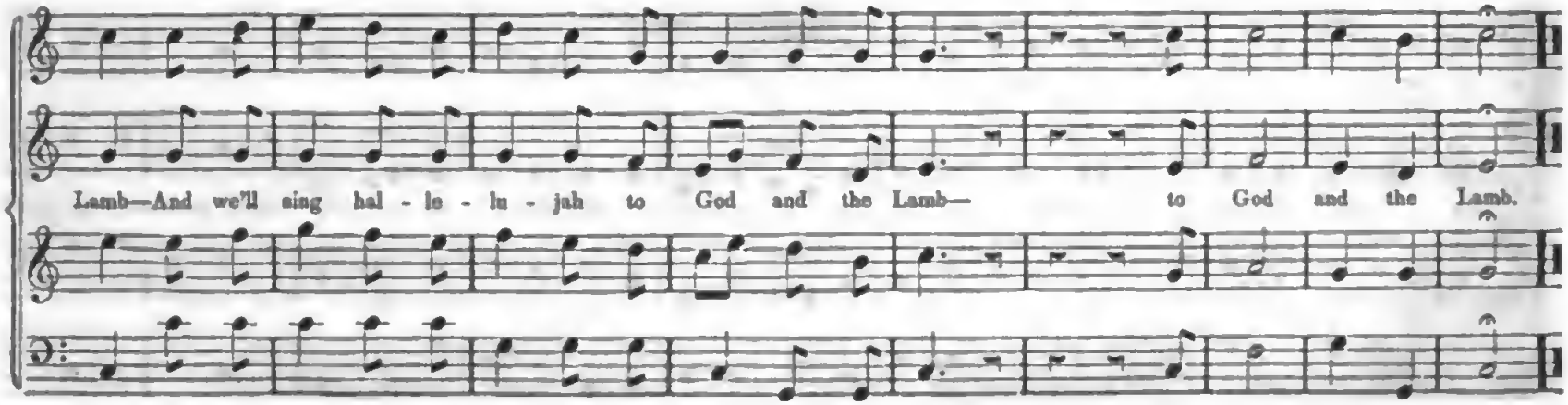

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